THE INOCULATOR,

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS.

LONDON:

Printed for the AUTHOR, and Sold by J. WILLIAMS, next the Mitre-Tavern, FLEET-STREET, and by T. TOFTS, and J. HASSEL, at CHELMSFORD.

MDCCLXVI.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

PITTEM, an Inoculating Doctor.

BLANDFORD, a young Gentleman in Love with Miſs DANBURY.

HIERAPICRA, PITTEM's Apothecary.

PESTLE, his Servant.

JERRY, Servant to Mr. BLANDFORD's Uncle,

KNABBEM, a Bailiff.

Mrs. BUZBY, Mr. BLANDFORD in Diſguiſe.

BRITISH MUSEUM

A LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

MR. Arne
Mr. Arnold
Mr. Bemſley, 2 Books
Mr. Biggs, 2 Books
Mrs. Bellamy
Mr. Brooks
Mr. Benſon
Mr. Bennet
Mr. Ballard
Mr. Brown
Mr. Brookes
Mr. Bonnick
Mr. Baker
Mr. Burton
Mr. Burne
Mr. Brentnall
Geo. Buxton, M. D.

George Colman, Esq; 4 Books
Miss Carey
Mr. Clee
Mr. Child
Mr. Cook
Mr. Cotterel
Mr. Clark
Mr. Colebourn
Mr. Croft
Mr. Creek
Mr. Clarke
Mr. Dodd
Mr. Du-Bellamy
Mr. Darval junior
Mr. Efford
Mr. Erwin
Mr. Few
Mr. Frost
Mr. Ferrel
Mr. Forrest
David Garrick Esq;
George Garrick, Esq
Mr. Grey
Mr. Griffin
Mr. Hayes
Mr. Harrison
Mr. Hawkins
Mr. Hall
Mr. Hazard, 2 books
Mr. Joseph Hazard 2 books
William Howard Esq;
Mr. Harriot
Mr. Hawtyn

Mr. Handaſyd
Mrs. Hazard
Mr. Robert Hazard
Mr. Hunt
Rev. Mr. Houlton
Mr. Hookam
Mr. Hucman
Mr. Haſſall
Mr. Johnſton
Mr. Jones
Mr. Thomas Jones
Mr. Judd
Mr. Kilbourn
Mr. Langton
Mr. Lobb, 2 books
Mr. Mun
Mrs. Mun
Mr. Muſtgrove
John Mantell Eſq;
Mrs. Mattocks
Mr. Morgan
Mr. Mapleton
Mr. Ogborne
Mr. Powell, 6 books
Mr. Joſ. Powell
Mrs. Pritchard
Mrs. Powell
Mr. Peck
Mr. Peele
Mr. Payne
Mr. Ruſt
Mr. Rapley
Mr. Scot

Mr. Staines
Mr. Smith
Mr. Shuter
Mr. Squibb
Mr. Stock
Mr. Steel
Mr. Stead
Mr. Smithſon
Mr. Stonard
Mrs Smithſon
Mr. Turner
Mr. Thomas, 2 books
Tho. Vincent, Eſq;
James Worſdale, Eſq;
Mr. Wotty
Mr. Wood
Mr. Weſton
Mr. Warner
Mr. Williams
Mr. Wilſon
Mr. Yates
Mr. Zuckert.

TO

TO

Mr. WILLIAM POWELL,

SIR,

THE following Pieces are the Production of my leiſure Hours; they are imperfect to a Degree, too full of Expletives and Incongruity; nothing cou'd have induc'd me to have publiſh'd them now, but my having promis'd them my Friends theſe two Years; and rather than they ſhould accuſe me of being worſe than my Word, I have ventur'd to expoſe myſelf to the Cenſure of the World, and the Judgment of the Reviewers; but as they are my firſt Productions, I could wiſh to be overlook'd, on the Promiſe they ſhall be my laſt, — when I wrote them indeed I had the Vanity (like all young

young Authors) to think I was ſmitten with the Muſes, but now to my Grief I too clearly ſee that I have ſmitten them with a Stab of Diſgrace; having diſturb'd and made muddy the peerleſs Stream of *Helicon*. My Pretenſions to Letters muſt appear the higheſt Preſumption, from many Reaſons; firſt from my humble and obſcure Situation, and ſecondly from my being depriv'd of a Claſſical Education, &c. for great Scholars, like great Rogues, can take ſuch Liberties as little ones dare not think of;—I have only this one Conſolation; that as my Reputation as an Author is but little, I have the leſs to looſe;—I don't doubt but this will be an unwelcome Offering; but I have preſum'd to inſcribe it to you, becauſe I know you bear me that Friendſhip, that (were you ſure to derogate by ſuch a Reception) you would take it as it was meant, the only Acknowledgment I had left, in Return for the many Favours I have receiv'd, and the good Endeavours you have made to ſerve me, tho' they unfortunately prov'd ineffectual. Dependance on Theatres are as fatal, and as tranſitory as at Court; and the Pro-

Promiſes of a Manager are as baſeleſs as thoſe of a Stateſman; ſo fond are all Degrees of apeing their Betters; this I have a Right to ſpeak, being prompted both by Fact and Experience; I cannot ſay indeed I had ever any great Dependance at Court; But to my Sorrow I know it, and at this Moment feel, the fatal Conſequence of depending on Theatres; and the alluring Promiſes (bound with the ſacred Ties of Honour and Friendſhip) of Managers,— had I not been told by my Friends (and theſe too, in my Opinion, the beſt Judges of the age, ſuch as Mr. *Churchill*, Mr. *Lloyd*, Mrs. *Cibber*, and yourſelf) that I was poſſeſs'd of ſome Requiſites for the Stage, I had never attempted it; prompted by this, and conſcious of the Right, I as an Individual, had to an Attempt, and ſtrenghten'd by the Obligations that the Theatres, when in a drooping State, were once under to my Father, for his many excellent and receiv'd Entertainments; I was flatter'd into Hope and Expectation, giving up all my other Connections in Life, and ſacrificing all other Intereſts to the ſeeming Friendſhip and ſolemn Promiſes of Mr.

L----

L----; who, like a Sorcerer, led me into a Labyrinth of Deluſion, and left me to bewail my Situation in Oblivion. • Could I but recall the whole two Years Expence, the Loſs of Time, and prevent the inevitable Deſtruction of a dear and tender Family, I would forgive the heavy Load of Anxiety, the daily Expectations, and the hourly Diſappointments that I met with; their Frowns of Authority, their Shafts of Impunity, their Stare of Deſpotiſm, and their Sneers of Contumely; all theſe I could forget, but that my Wounds ſtill bleed, and Pain begets Remembrance.

I am, dear Sir

with the

greateſt reſpect

and ſincerity

Your very humble Servant,

GEORGE SAVILLE CAREY.

THE INOCULATOR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Pittem's *Parlour.* Pittem *Solus.*

WHAT a Pleaſure there is in getting Money; cou'd we but forget we were to die, it would be the Zenith of Felicity.

Enter Peſtle.

Peſtle. Sir, Mr. *Blandford* is below, and deſires to ſpeak with you.

Pitt. Odds ſo; I am very buſy too juſt now: Tell him to call again by-and-by;—no, no, *Peſtle, Peſtle,* tell him to walk up, do you hear?

Peſtle. I will, Sir. (*Exit.* Peſtle.

Pitt. What the plague does he want here again ſo ſoon? It was but Yeſterday that he was plaguing me to Death about Miſs *Danbury,* and if I thought he had been come again on the ſame Errand, I would have ſent him Word I was ſick. But here he comes.

Enter Blandford.

Bland. Good Morning to you, Doctor.

Pitt. Mr. *Blandford*, your very humble Servant; how do you, this dull Morning? I'Gad I was threatening to go to Bed again.

Bland. To Bed, Doctor! What before you are well up? Or have your medical Studies kept you from ſleeping all Night?

Pitt. No—but I have got a naſty ſomething hanging on my Spirits.

Bland. You're ſafe enough, you know; a Dog and a Doctor, know how to chooſe their Phyſic.

Pitt. An excellent Compliment! [*Aſide.*] As your Kind of Gentry know how to chooſe the beſt Wh—res.

Bland. I beg your Pardon, Doctor, there is no beſt in the Caſe; the beſt of the bad, is not worth chooſing; but if you have no more Skill in Medicines, than I have in Filles de Joye, I would not give a Fig for your Practice. Talking of the Fair, puts me in Mind of poor Miſs *Danbury*; never was ſo good a Heart ſo much depreſs'd: With blooming Beauty, and a Soul angelic, ſhe drags a Life of Woe, and keeps the Shield of Virtue on her Arm; while her Hand rejects with Scorn, the tempting Bribes of gay Debauchery.

Pitt. What then, you young Rogue, you've try'd her, I ſuppoſe? But ſhe knew you had nothing to give her but Promiſes, and ſo thought in that Caſe ſhe might as well put on the Prude as not.

Bland. Let me tell you, Doctor, that's a damn'd ill-natured Surmiſe, and did I not think you ſpoke it more out of Raillery, than Sincerity, I ſhould for ever hold the moſt contemptible Opinion of you as a Man.

Pitt. Why you did not think I was in Earneſt, did you, *Ned*?

Bland. No—If I had!

Pitt. You'd have been for running me through the Body, I ſuppoſe; but I aſſure you the World ſays ſtrange Things of the Girl.

Bland. Aye, it is a ſtrange World, Doctor.

Pitt, Nay, but from the many pitiful Tricks, that I have detected her in myſelf, I am determined to have nothing to do with her.

Bland.

Bland. You would have had (it is well known) if ſhe would have let you.

Pitt. There's for you now! that's like her, I did imagine, indeed, (when I ceas'd to ſupport the ungrateful Huſſy, in her flaunting Expectations) ſhe would raiſe ſome ſcandalous Report or other, to hurt me in my Character and Buſineſs. Oh, the Jade! had it not been for the great Regard I had for the Father, ſhe ſhould have ſhifted for herſelf long ago.

Bland. Your Regard for her Father!

Pitt. Aye, my Regard for her Father.

Bland. Why what great Regard could you have for him, when I have often heard you ſay he died five hundred Pounds in your Debt?

Pitt. Why tho' he was an unfortunate Man, he was an honeſt one, as far as his Circumſtances would go.

Bland. That's one of the moſt grateful Confeſſions I ever heard you make of any Man before.

Pitt. I had ever the moſt favourable Opinion of every Man, and was always more inclined to hide, than expoſe their Misfortunes.

Bland. That's well again; ſo ſhall your own Words convict you.

Pitt. As how?

Bland. Why, if you were inclined to think the moſt favourably of Man, you muſt in Reaſon think the ſame of Woman Kind.

Pitt. And ſo I do.

Bland. Good again; and what has poor Miſs *Danbury* done, that every Thought of her is bad, and your beſt Opinion but a ſordid one?

Pitt. Aye, but Facts, my dear *Ned*, are Facts, and the general and perpetual Complaints of the World are Circumſtances too glaring to be overlook'd.

Bland. What the World ſays in thoſe Caſes, ought never to be regarded; for ſuch Reports generally ariſe from the inventive Goſſips of a Tea table; and there is a Species of Barbarity that reigns predominant in the Breaſts of the low-minded Vulgar. Whenever they perceive an Object of Merit, that was once their Envy, under the leaſt Misfortune, they are never ſo happy as when doing that Perſon

ſome ſecret Injury, or till, by ſome malignant Conſpiracy, they have reduced them to a State of Adverſity.

Pitt. And can you ſay that this is her Caſe?

Bland. Yes, truly; for it is well known that Miſs *Danbury* was (ſcarce three Years ago) the Admiration and Envy of the Country for ten Miles round, and now, the verieſt Drab that was wont to think herſelf honoured with a Court'ſy from her, will, with a provoking Sneer, tell her to ſhorten her Furbelows; and ſince they have found her whole Dependence is on you, they have injured her, by impoſing on you ſome malicious Falſehood, on the mere Suppoſition of which, I find you are determined to compleat her Miſery.

Pitt. Nay, Mr. *Blandford*, it is not for that entirely, but from the very great Expence ſhe has been to me of late, and as I find that hurts my Circumſtances conſiderably, it is a Duty I owe myſelf not to let her ruin me entirely. I have made her many good Offers; nay I made Intereſt for her to a Gentleman and Lady who were going to *South Carolina*, where they told her ſhe would have the greateſt Opportunity in the World of making her Fortune; all which ſhe ungratefully rejected; and as I am under no Manner of Obligation to her, or hers, I think I have done for her already what hundreds would not have done; in Truth therefore ſhe muſt now ſhift for herſelf as well as ſhe can.

Bland. Poor Girl! I can't blame her; 'tis ſtrange ſo great a Tenderneſs Mr. *Danbury* had for her when living, that he did not make ſome Proviſion for her at his Death.

Pitt. That's the Aſtoniſhment of every one, but what could a Man do that had it not in his Power?

Bland. That is ſtill more ſtrange, for every Body thought him a Man of Property.

Pitt. Ah, *Ned*, you ſee with what Art ſome People can ſupport a falſe Reputatian, and when their Affairs come once to be laid open to Inſpection, many a worthy Family that has truſted their All in their Hands, from too good an Opinion of their Circumſtances, find too often a broken Back in the Conſequence.

Bland. Well, I wiſh the dear Creature was better provided for, or that I had it in my Power to make her the happieſt Woman in the Uuiverſe.

Pitt.

Pitt. How wou'd you do that?

Bland. Why, I wou'd endeavour to do it, by marrying her, and ſetting her above the Frowns of the World.

Pitt. And a promiſing Dame you wou'd get for your Pains.—Ah, *Ned*, I pity you I muſt confeſs.—But Plague on it, if you are ſo wonderfully ſmitten with the Wench, why don't you marry her.

Bland. Becauſe I am not at preſent poſſeſs'd of thoſe Requiſites, that would be eſſential to our Happineſs.

Pitt. That is a little Money, I ſuppoſe.

Bland. You ſuppoſe right; wou'd the kind Powers be pleas'd to take that dear, pious, mercenary Uncle to themſelves, I ſhould be glad to fill up his Vacancy here below, without any further Conſideration.

Pitt. Aye, my dear Boy, but your Uncle takes a deal of Care of his Conſtitution, and is as likely to live thirty Years longer, as yourſelf; you ſhou'd have taken better Care of the laſt five Hundred, *Ned*.

Bland. Why I confeſs if I had been as penurious as you, I probably might have increas'd it to a Thouſand by this Time; and neither have done myſelf nor any body elſe any Good with it.

Pitt. If you had it now I don't think you wou'd do yourſelf much Good with it by marrying Miſs *Danbury*.

Bland. You are determined, I find, to do her no Good either by Word or Deed; and therefore, Doctor, I beg you wou'd not give me any more of your cool Opinions; ſince you cannot give her a good Word, you ſhall not dare to give her a bad one in my Company without the warmeſt Reſentment.

Pitt. Well, well, mighty well then; there let it drop—there let it drop; in the Name of Goodneſs may not one talk of Matrimony without having one's brains beat out.—Zounds I wiſh—I could meet with a good wife with all my Heart.

Bland. And a ſpecial good Huſband you'd make, if you thought you cou'd *kill* her with *kindneſs*.—If I thought you ſerious, now, I would help you to a good one; but what will you give me for my trouble?

Pitt. Give you?—What do you call a good one tho'?

Bland. The Lady is not very handſome to be ſure, nor yet very young; but ſhe is worth a confounded deal of Money

Money I aſſure you, and ſuch a Woman can have nothing bad about her I am perſuaded, at leaſt in your Eyes.

Pitt. She cannot be bad that is certain, if ſhe is rich; (for Money was never beſtow'd on any but thoſe that were good, and knew how to keep it when they had got it.) But how rich do you think the Lady may be?

Bland. Why, I have heard my Uncle ſay, that ſhe is worth Ten Thouſand Pounds at leaſt; but don't take the leaſt notice of it to him; for he wants to get her himſelf; only ſhe thinks him rather too old. — Now ſuch a middle-ag'd Man as you, wou'd be the very Thing. Beſides ſhe was aſking me who was our beſt Inoculator in this Neighbourhood. I told her I knew a very infallible one, meaning you; and ſhe has been teazing me about you ever ſince.

Pitt. Odds, ſo, but that is one of the moſt lucky Circumſtances that cou'd have happen'd, in my Favour. Where does the Lady live, and I'll pay her a viſit to-morrow?

Bland. Oh no, not for the World, ſhe has boarded ſome Time in a private Family in this Neighbourhood; but as the major Part of them have not had the Smallpox, it is to be kept a profound Secret.

Enter Peſtle.

Peſtle. Sir, there is a Gentleman below, deſires to ſpeak with you.

Pitt. Tell the Gentleman I'll wait on him immediately. [*Exit.* Peſtle.] I'faith *Ned* if you can bring this matter to bear, I'll make you a Preſent the greateſt Gentleman in the Land wou'd not refuſe. [*Exit.* Pitt.

Bland. And that is a Pill, or a Doſe of Phyſic, to take when I am ſick, to make me the more ſo; for I know he has neither the Spirit or Reſolution to do any thing like a Man; the yellow Mammon has caught his Soul, and Avarice holds his Purſe Strings. I don't know what the Hopes of getting this pretended Wife may do;—but if he ſhou'd put me to the Proof, I don't know where I ſhou'd find one that would chuſe to throw herſelf away upon him. I muſt do ſomething to deceive him, hey? let me ſee, Egad I think I cou'd do very well for an Old Maid myſelf; — An excellent thought! — but what ſhall I do for a Dreſs? — a Plague on't I have Intereſt enough among the fair Sex to get ſuch a Thing as that to be ſure. — The Old Maid and her Money is the Thing yet; Bait for Gudgeons with Worms

Worms, and a Miſer with Gold, and you are ſure to catch 'em. I'll e'en go after the Doctor, and tell him I am going to the Lady directly. [*Exit.* Bland.

SCENE II.

Enter Pittem.

Pitt. So *Ned* is gone after the Lady. Ten Thouſand Pounds! a charming Sum,—nay, a Fortune; a very good Fortune of itſelf—let me ſee; Ten Thouſand Pounds; and Five Thouſand of my own, makes juſt Fifteen Thouſand Pounds;— that will certainly enable me to keep a Chariot of my own, the Thing I have been ſtriving for theſe fourteen Years: for what is a Doctor without a Chariot? the Appearance of a Chariot is the Sign of good Practice; and it is a common Remark, when the World thinks you have much, you ſhall have more; and when but little, you ſhall have leſs. [*a Knock at the Door*] Pray walk in.

Enter Hierapicra.

O is it you, Mr. *Hierapicra*? what News, what News, any more Patients?

Hi. We have juſt now loſt one, Sir.

Pitt. Loſt one! how do you mean?

Hi. Dead Sir.

Pitt. Dead!

Hi, I aſſure you, Sir, it it true.

Pitt. O he muſt certainly have had the Itch or the King's Evil. What Noiſe is that? [*a diſturbance without*]

Hi. Peſtle and *Jerry* I fancy Sir, I left them in a high Diſpute.

Pitt. Peſtle and *Jerry*?

Hi. Yes, Sir.

Pitt. I wiſh you wou'd ſend *Jerry* to me, I want to ſpeak to him.

Hi. I will. Sir. [*Exit.* Hi.

Pitt. The Deuce take me but I have walk'd upon Thorns and laid upon Nettle-beds ever ſince I firſt heard of this Fortune, and I am terribly afraid that Old ſly Uncle of *Ned*'s will ſnap her up before me.

Enter

Enter Jerry,

Jerry. Did you want any Thing with me, Sir?

Pitt. Yes, my little *Jerry*; your Maſter is not at home I ſuppoſe.

Jerry. He was not when I came out.

Pitt. Pray, *Jerry*, (I hope it is no ſecret) have not you a maiden Lady, of about forty, that often pays your old Maſter a Viſit?

Jerry. We have, Sir.

Pitt. Know you where ſhe lives?

Jerry. A few Miles off.

Pitt. You do not know the Name of the Place then, do you?

Jerry. Why, yes I do.

Pitt. Cou'd not you inform me then?

Jerry. I ſhould not chooſe to do ſuch a Thing, without my Maſter's Authority.

Pitt. No!—pray what could be the Conſequence?

Jerry. A very bad one, Sir, for aught I know, as ſhe is a kind of a Sweet-heart of my old Maſter's, and is worth a Deal of Money; I don't know, if you ſhou'd find out where the Lady lives, but you may endeavour to rival him; the Conſequence wou'd then be very bad on my Side, I believe.

Pitt. Why he ſhould never know who told me.

Jerry. That he wou'd.

Pitt. 'Twill be impoſſible man;—he never ſhall from me.

Jerry. But in the Courſe of his Examination it wou'd come to my Turn, and then I muſt confeſs, or tell him a Lie, which I will not do for you, or any Body elſe, and therefore, Sir, to avoid any Apprehenſions of that Kind, it will be the beſt Way to ſay nothing at all about it.

Pitt. A ſtubborn ſon of a Gun. [*Aſide.*] You ſeem to have a great Regard for your Word, *Jerry*, and I applaud you for it;—though I ſhould be glad to know one Thing however, which can't be of much Conſequence to you, or Danger to any Body—and that is, whether the Lady keeps much Company, or no?

Jerry. Very little, I believe.

Pitt. Hum—ah—ſhe has a pretty good Stomach, I ſuppoſe——

Jerry,

Jerry. Sir?

Pitt. A good Stomach I ſay.

Jerry. A very moderate one, and as worthy a Lady as ever was born.—What a miſerable Wretch! [*Aſide.*]

Pitt. Is ſhe indeed; ſhe often gives you Money then I ſuppoſe?

Jerry. Sometimes, Sir—what a ſcurvy Scoundrel! [*aſide*]

Pitt. Ha!

Enter Peſtle.

Peſtle. Sir, Mr. *Blandford* deſires to ſpeak with you.

[*Exit* Peſtle.

Pitt. Odds ſo, I'm glad of that—well *Jerry*, your Servant, I am glad to ſee you.

Jerry. Sir, your Servant — I am glad my young Maſter is come to releaſe me, for I have been tir'd of my Company ſome Time. I hope he will play his Part well, and work the phyſical Jeſuit out of a few Hundreds. [*Aſide*]

[*Exit* Jerry.

Pitt. Oh! here comes *Ned.*

Enter Blandford.

Pitt. Welcome, welcome, my dear Boy, welcome, what News, what News?

Bland. What News Doctor? why ſuch News I believe, as will make you compleatly happy.

Pitt. Then you have ſeen the Lady.

Bland. Yes that I have, and to ſome Purpoſe; why ſhe will call upon you Tomorrow herſelf, Man.

Pitt. Happy News indeed!———

Bland. But the Merrythought take me, now I think on't, if I did not forget to tell her your Name, and where you liv'd.

Pitt. O lack-a-day, lack-a-day now, was there ever any Thing ſo provoking in this World?

Bland. Nay, upon ſecond Conſideration, though, I'm glad on't.

Pitt. How ſo, how ſo, pray? that is ſtrange indeed!

Bland. Why, becauſe I look upon it, that were ſhe to viſit you, the Buſineſs would be half done.

Pitt. So much the better, ſo much the better, Man.

Bland. And pray what am I to have for my Trouble?

Pitt. Plague on't, have not I told you I would make you a handſome Preſent?

Bland. Yes. But what Surety have I for that but your own bare Word, which I would not take for a Shilling, where Money is concern'd. I muſt have your Note, Doctor, I muſt have your Note.

Pitt. And ſo you ſhall: I will give you a Note of five Pounds on Demand, from the very Moment ſhe conſents to marry me.

Bland. A Note of five Pounds; ſcandalous and pitiful! —Wretch, Devil! why thou art a very Skinflint;—five Pounds for ten Thouſand! Oh, horrible, horrible! the very Summit of Meanneſs!—A Gentleman who knew what Influence I had over the Lady, but this very Day, offered me two hundred Pounds, only to be introduced to her—Five Pounds for ten Thouſand! Doctor, your Servant. [*Exit.* Blandford.

Pitt. Nay, but Mr. *Blandford*, hear me, hear me, [*hollowing after Blandford*] Was there ever ſuch a hot-headed Raſcal; 'Sdeath if I ſhould loſe her now. He talks of an Offer of two hundred Pounds. A great Sum! A very great Sum! But ten Thouſand!—I muſt outbid the Gentleman I believe; for if I ſhould read of Miſs *Such-a-one*, a maiden Lady of ten thouſand Pounds being married to—— oh, I ſhall go diſtracted; the very Thought of loſing ſuch a Prize is worſe than being the next to the 10,000l. Lottery Ticket—But he is gone—Where's *Peſtle* [*rings the Bell and calls*] *Peſtle! Peſtle!*—From Fears and Apprehenſions I cannot keep a Bone of me ſtill. *Peſtle!* I ſay; the Devil pound the Fellow, he can't hear—*Peſ—t—le—*

Peſt. [*without.*] Who calls?

Pitt. Peſtle!

Peſt. [*entering.*] I, I, I'm *a coming*, Sir.

Pitt. Come along, then, you deaf-headed Booby.

Peſt. Yes, Sir.

Pitt. Yes, Sir—what a Plague is come to the Fellow? Run after Mr. *Blandford*, and tell him that I beg he would come back—*run, run.*

Peſt. O, yes, Sir! it has been *done* ſome Time.

Pitt. Done! what's done, you Puppy, you? what are you talking of?

Peſt. Sir—

Pitt.

Pitt. I ſhall go diſtracted,—go to Mr. *Blandford*,—no, no, no, go to the Devil you hammer-headed Raſcal, and I'll go myſelf. [*Exit* Pittem.

Peſt. Poor Maſter is in a Paſſion, I doubt, and talks of going to the Devil, but mortar me if I follow him.

[*Exit* Peſtle.

The End of the firſt ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Blandford Solus.

I'M glad my fair one approves of my intended Stratagem, however; but her Father's Letter aſtoniſhes me; it is ſtrange ſhe never ſhew'd it me before; he informs her, (but three Hours before his Death) that he had provided for her very handſomely; inſtead of that we find her deſtitute and forlorn; and, by what I underſtand, *Pittem* was the only perſon that attended him in his lateſt Hours. 'Sdeath, there muſt have been foul Play. *Pittem* is either an errant Knave, or her Father muſt have deceived her; but when I compare the two Characters, the firſt Surmiſe carries with it many glaring Circumſtances, and the latter ſeems improbable; I will not reſt till I am ſatisfied.

Enter Peſtle *with a Letter.*

Peſtle. Sir, my Maſter deſired I would give this Letter into your own Hands.

Bland. Very well—is he at home?

Peſtle. Yes, Sir. [*Ex.* Peſtle.

Blandford reads.

Dear *Ned.*

"I Have conſidered of your Propoſal, and ſhall be glad "to ſee you on that Buſineſs directly; I ſhall object "to nothing that may prove to your Advantage.

Your humble Servant,

Tobias Pittem."

Ho! ho! have I touch'd you my little Skin-flint?—This is an excellent Stratagem I find; but there muſt be no Time loſt in this Affair; 'tis the beſt Time to catch a Fox when he is hungry; and ſo I'll be with you, my litle Doctor, in a Crack. [*Ex.* Blandford.

SCENE II.

Enter Pittem *and* Peſtle.

Pitt. So *Peſtle*, you ſaw Mr. *Blandford*?

Peſt. Yes, Sir.

Pitt. And what did he ſay to you?

Peſt. Mortar me, Sir, if I heard him ſay any Thing at all; I ſaw him open his Mouth and nod his Head, as much as to ſay it was very well;———

Pitt. But did not he ſeem pleas'd?

Peſt. I did not ſtay to ſee, Sir, 'cauſe I thought it would be ill Manners.

Pitt. Poh, Pox, you Blockhead you!

Peſt. What do you ſay, Sir, has he got the Small Pox?—poor Soul he had better have been inoculated.

[*A Knock at the Door.*

Pitt. Go and ſee who is at the Door, make haſte, [*Exit Peſtle*] What a blunder-headed Puppy 'tis;—his Deafneſs is of little Inconveniency to me, however;—for as Secrets are generally whiſper'd, there is but little Danger of his hearing any, and leſs of his telling 'em; and this Country is the very Mart for Scandal.

Re-enter Peſtle.

Peſt. Sir, Mr. *Blandford* deſires to ſpeak with you.

Pitt. Tell him to walk up. [Exit *Peſtle.*] Plague on it what a flutter I'm in, were I going to receive a Challenge I could not be worſe. But here he comes.

Enter *Blandford.*

Mr. *Blandford*, I'm ſorry I made ———

Bland. Pray Doctor make no Ceremony, there is no Occaſion for it.

Pitt. I'm glad on't; I was afraid I ſhould have found you as I left you, full of Gun-powder.

Bland.

Bland. No, no, Doctor, your Letter ſtopt all Fear of Exploſion.

Pitt. To tell you the Truth, I was under great Apprehenſions of your accepting of the Gentleman's Propoſal that you told me of.

Bland. No, Doctor, though I received a letter from the Gentleman (ſince I ſaw you laſt) importuning me in the moſt preſſing Manner, to introduce him; yet, from the Regard I bear you, I was determined to give you the Preference, and intended to have waited a Day or two till you had better conſider'd the Matter.

Pitt. That was acting the Friend indeed! but to the Purpoſe my dear Boy; you read my Letter I preſume?

Bland. I did.

Pitt. And have you any Objection to a couple of Hundreds?

Bland. Not the leaſt.

Pitt. Then I think I have nothing to fear; no Doubt of Succeſs.

Bland. None in the World.

Pitt. Flea me, but I ſhall think every Hour an Age till I ſee her.

Bland. So I ſuppoſe.

Pitt. Had I not better go give her an Invitation myſelf; as I am an utter Stranger to the Lady, ſhe'll undoubtedly expect that Compliment?

Bland. I beg you would not think of ſuch a Thing, but bleſs your Stars that ſhe has conſented to viſit you; for as I have been acquainted with her from my Infancy, I think myſelf a tolerable Judge of her Diſpoſition.

Pitt. Well, I ſhall be adviſed by you.

Bland. If you hope to ſucceed, I beg you would; one material Thing I ſhould adviſe you to, that is, not to make above twelve Hours Courtſhip on't, for I have often heard her ſay ſhe could never bear to be courted above a Day. And this Reſolution ſhe has taken (I am informed) from being croſt in her firſt Love.

Pitt. That is an excellent Notion, I aſſure her;—for I ſhould hate one of your plaguy long Courtſhips myſelf; to have an hundred Fallings-out, and Fallings-in, in a Week; flying like Cats at one-another To-day, and breaking one's

Heart to make it up again To-morrow. 'Sdeath I long to ſee her.

Bland. I'll cure you of your Longing To-morrow.

Pitt. To-morrow ?

Bland. Aye, To-morrow.

Pitt. O brave ? it will be neceſſary to know what Time To-morrow, that I may be the better prepar'd for her Reception ?

Bland. About Six, I fancy.

Pitt. What, in the Morning ?

Bland. No hardly, Doctor ; ha, ha, ha, ſurely you'll be able to ſurvive your Impatience till the Afternoon.

Pitt. You'll come with her then, won't you ?

Bland. Not I, indeed ; you'll court beſt by yourſelves—Well, Doctor, your Servant, I've got a little Buſineſs to do for my Uncle, and muſt be gone ; I ſhall hardly ſee you again, till you have ſeen the Lady. [Blandford *going*.

Pitt. Bye, bye, well Succeſs attend thee.

Bland. [*returning*] But Doctor, Doctor ; there is one material Matter to ſettle before I go ;—the Note, Doctor, the Note.

Pitt. O lack a day! right, very right as you ſay.——I was in Hopes he had forgot that. [*Aſide.*

Bland. And another Thing I have to hint to you, which will prove more to your Advantage than mine.

Pitt. I'm all Attention.

Bland. You muſt know I owe the Sum of 200*£*. to Mrs, *Buzby* —

Pitt. Buzby !

Bland. That is the Lady's Name ;—now I ſhall give the Note to her, and pay off my Debt ; and if ſhe ſhould deſire you to make it into Money To-morrow, to ſhew her what a Principle you bear, you may pay it her, which will be only paying to receive again you know, Doctor.

Pitt. With all my Heart ; follow me into the next Room and I'll give you the Note directly.

Exeunt Pittem *and* Blandford.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Jerry *with a Portmanteau.*

Jer. Lie thou there [*throwing the Portmanteau on the Ground*] I'll e'en reſt me a little—Mercy upon me, what a Parcel of Things have I got! a Gown from one, a Petticoat from another, Ruffles and Caps, and the Plague knows what from another.—Odds my Life, but here comes *Peſtle.*

Enter Peſtle.

Peſtle. Ah, Maſter *Jerry*; what is your Load too much for you; or are you (like the Man in the Story Book) praying to *Jacob* to carry it for you?

Jerry. To *Jacob?* a pretty Story indeed—to *Jove*, you Fool you.

Peſtle. To *Job?*

Jerry. To *Jove*, I ſay.

Peſtle. To *Jove!* ha, ha, ha; to *Jove* indeed, where will you find ſuch a word in the Bible?

Jerry. In the Bible?—I'm wrong too I believe, I ſhould have ſaid *Harclus.* [*Aſide*

Peſtle. Aye, in the Bible.

Jerry. What do you make a Story Book of the Bible?—Pray let us have no more of your Nonſenſe; what do you think of your Maſter's being marry'd To-morrow;—how do you like that Story?

Peſtle. Why very well if it ſhould prove a true one, and I believe there is ſomething in it too! if he ſhould get him a Wife, I hope ſhe will teach him to keep a better Houſe than he does at preſent;—our Bellies and Diſhes are generally empty.

Jerry. I hate ſuch mean ſpirited Chaps; I'd ſooner take a Voyage to the *Indies* than ſerve ſuch a miſerable Devil.

Peſtle. Why I have ſome Thought of leaving him to tell you the Truth, and ſet up for myſelf.

Jerry. Set up for what?

Peſtle. Why a *Noculator*, a Doctor.

Jerry. You! a Doctor? ha, ha, ha, you might ſpread the Infection, I believe, but you could never cure it, I am ſure.

Peſtle.

Peſtle. You are miſtaken, *Jerry*, you are miſtaken, I have got the Secret.

Jerry. The Secret! what of poiſoning People? that's a common Secret enough, any body knows that.

Peſtle. I wiſh I had the poiſoning of you for your ill Opinion. Pray why may not I hope for Succeſs as well as my Maſter? once upon a Time he knew no more than myſelf.

Jerry. Nay, as for that Matter, I don't think he knows much more now.

Peſtle. Why, as you ſay, I know a great deal; I had as good Learning as ever he had; I learnt Multiplication, Extraction——Mortar me, but here he comes.

Jerry. Mortar me but here I go then, if that's the Caſe [*takes up his portmantua*] and ſo Mr. *Peſtle*, your Servant.

[*Exit* Jerry.

Enter Pittem.

Pitt. Where have you been, you Blockhead, all this Time? I have wanted you to go of a hundred Errands for me.

Peſtle. Sir, I was here.

Pitt. You was here, pray what Buſineſs had you here?

Peſtle. I—I—I—only—Sir, you've got a Hole in your Stocking.

Pitt. And what's that to *you*?

Peſtle. No, Sir, no, it's nothing *new*.

Pitt. You impudent Scoundrel you, I'll break your Head—what do you mean by that?

Peſtle. Nothing, Sir.

Pitt. Nothing, Sir?—I believe you've more Meaning than you ſeem to have [*aſide*] but ſince you've put me in Mind on't, you may as well go and buy me a new Pair;—Here's two Shillings, let 'em be good ones, do you hear,—Stay, here's Sixpence more. I may as well have the beſt Pair at once, now I am about it, eſpecially as I ſhall have Company Tomorrow. *Exit* Peſtle.

Ned, I ſuppoſe, thinks I'll be a mighty great Friend to him now, for this Recommendation—No, no, the Devil a Bit, I've no Notion of hurting myſelf by too much Good Nature. But if my Wife ſhould cuckold me, I ſhall get my-

myſelf finely laugh'd at: — Never mind that, I ſhall have a Salve for that Sore,

My budding Horns ſhall never give me Pain,
Ten Thouſand Pounds will hide the darkeſt Stain.

The End of the Second ACT.

A C T III.

Enter Peſtle.

Peſtle. WAS there ever ſuch a narrow-ſoul'd mean-ſpirited Creature as my Maſter! He has promiſed me an old Coat of his this Twelvemonth, which has been thread-bare theſe two Years; and never had the Heart to part with it yet; he's got a Lady coming To-day too, and I'm as ragged as a *Braintree* Beggar, I ſhall be aſhamed to be ſeen by any Body. It's my Opinion he's afraid I ſhall rival him, becauſe he knows that when I am dreſs'd, I look more like a Gentleman than himſelf. But here he comes.

Enter Pittem.

Pitt. Run to the Door, *Peſtle*, Some body knocks.

Peſt. Yes, Sir. [*Ex.* Peſtle.

Pitt. If it ſhould be Mrs. *Buzby*, now—let me ſee, let me ſee—what Time is it?—[*looks at his Watch.*] paſt ſix, by *Jupiter!* I think I look pretty well, ſhe can't find Fault with my Dreſs.

Re-enter Peſtle *in a Hurry.*

Peſt. Sir there is a Lady would be glad to ſpeak to you.

Pitt. Hey, a Lady! Did you aſk the Lady's Name?

Peſt. Yes, Sir, its Mrs. *Buzgig.*

Pitt. *Buzgig*, you Blockhead, *Buzby.*

Peſt. Yes, Sir.

Pitt. Run, give my Compliments to the Lady, and deſire her to walk up. Now for my own Honour, and the Honour of the Faculty, Zounds I've got the Palpitation of a Boy of ſixteen, 'Sdeath but here ſhe comes, and a fine Preſence indeed.—A Gentlewoman every Inch of her take my Word for it.

Enter Mrs. Buzby.

Mrs. *Buz.* Sir your Servant, you'll excuſe my troubling you with a Viſit?———

Pitt. Pray Madam, I beg Madam, you wou'd not begin to apologize, the Honour you do my poor Houſe, is a Pleaſure, unſpeakable Pleaſure, Madam.

Mrs. *Buz.* O Sir, I beg you wou'd not make me aſham'd of myſelf.

Pitt. O confound it what have I ſaid now. [*Aſide*] ſo that I do not make you aſham'd of me, I ſhall be happy, [*Tumbles backwards over a Chair, in making his Obedience with an extraordinary Air, Mrs.* Buzby *cries out.*]

Pitt. I have made her aſham'd of me now, and to ſome Purpoſe [*Aſide and getting up*]

Mrs. *Buz.* I hope Sir you have not hurt yourſelf.

Pitt. Not in the leaſt Madam, not in the leaſt, I hope you will excuſe my putting you in a Fright.

Mrs. *Buz.* O my dear Sir, accidents are unavoidable; Perhaps you are in Love Sir; if ſo it may be eaſily accounted for; that Rogue *Cupid* generally leads his People blindfold, for we often read of a Gentleman or a Lady's falling into a River, or, (from the meer Imagination they are looſing their Loves) tumbling out of a two Pair of Stairs Window.

Pitt. I do aſſure you, Madam, if I am in love, 'tis with no one but yourſelf.

Mrs. *Buz.* With me, Sir! in love with me? I am confident, Sir, there is nothing about me, ſo attracting, that can kindle the leaſt Affection, at leaſt from ſo ſhort an Interview.

Pitt. Ha! Diffidence, Diffidence, Madam, often makes Merit look too coolly on itſelf.

Mrs. *Buz.* Why true, Sir, true, 'tis very certain where there is real Ability, Diffidence is ſure to oppreſs it, and Judgment is often referr'd to the vain and talkative Coxcomb, while it ſets doubtful and timorous in the Breaſt of Mo-

Modeſty,—But don't think, Sir, I meant to pay myſelf a Compliment by ſuch an Obſervation.

Pitt. I do not imagine you did, Madam, but give me Leave to ſay, it is a very ſenſible, a nay a very excellent Obſervation indeed, Madam.—What a charming Tongue ſhe has, if I ſhould looſe her now, I ſhall wiſh I'd never ſeen her. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. *Buz.* But Love, Sir, was not the Buſineſs I came here upon, it was of another Nature; my Buſineſs was of another Nature, quite.

Pitt. No to be ſure, Madam, I had not the Vanity to imagine it was Love. Pray, Madam, what might it be?

Mrs. *Buz.* Inoculation, Sir;—I have been under the greateſt Apprehenſions of catching the Small-pox, for this Month paſt, it being almoſt ſo generally ſpread about the Country; and as my Couſin *Ned* has perſuaded me that you have diſcovered a moſt infallible Method of eradicating that malignant Diſorder, I have made bold to viſit you on that Buſineſs.

Pitt. Madam I am infinitely oblig'd to Mr. *Blandford* for his kind and generous Recommendation, and more ſo to you, Madam, for imbibing ſo good an Opinion of me.—But I cou'd wiſh, pardon me, Madam, I cou'd wiſh you wou'd conſent to evade the Subject of Inoculation a few Minutes, and dwell a little longer on that more excellent Topic, Love.

Mrs. *Buz.* Sir if you can convince me that the Danger of the one is not more imminent to me, than the other is to you, I ſhall very readily comply with your Requeſt.

Pitt. Then, Madam, I fancy I ſhall prevail with you.

Mrs. *Buz.* Pray explain yourſelf, Sir.

Pitt. Does your Apprehenſions of the Small-pox give you at preſent any real Pain?

Mrs. *Buz.* I can't ſay it does, Sir.

Pitt. But mine of Love, Madam, really does.

Mrs. *Buz.* How can that be, Sir, even ſuppoſing me the Object of your Affections, ſince both Paſſions proceed from Fear, yours of loſing what you never had, and there it ends. Mine, of catching that I wou'd not wiſh to have; which may poſſibly end in Death? But however, Sir, ſince you are ſo very deſirous of continuing the Theme of

Love, I'll e'en ſet aſide my Apprehenſions a few Minutes, and liſten to you.—I fancy it will be beſt to get that Part over firſt, leaſt I ſhould be diſcovered before I nail him for the two hundred. (*Aſide.*

Pitt. Such a Condeſcenſion, Madam, beſpeaks you every Thing that's amiable.

Mrs. *Buz.* Sir, if I thought I was really ſo in your Eyes, I would endeavour to return the Compliment in the beſt Manner I cou'd.

Pitt. If there was any other Way in the World more expreſſive than ſimple Words, I wiſh I knew it, that I might convince you, Madam, I really think you,—nay, you really are, the moſt amiable Lady I ever met with in my Life, and the only Woman I ever yet wiſh'd my Wife.

Mrs. *Buz.* Sir!

Pitt. Pardon me, Madam, if my Paſſion hath made my Tongue o'er-run the Bounds of Decency; if I have offended you, Madam, I beg your Pardon,—but hope you will forgive me.

Mrs. *Buz.* I believe the Doctor is in Love with me indeed. (*Aſide.*) Sir, I forgive you with all my Heart, but can't help thinking it the ſtrangeſt Thing in the World, that ſo ſlight an Acquaintance ſhou'd breed ſo ſtrong an Affection.

Pitt. O Madam, the very illuſtrious Character Mr. *Blandford* has often given you to me, made me almoſt in Love with you before you came; but ſince I have ſeen you, I am in Love indeed, to find you ſo far exceed the beſt of Characters.

Mrs. *Buz.* Sir, I am infinitely obliged to my Couſin *Ned*; but muſt confeſs he has always been very liberal in his Commendations of you.

Pitt. I am equally obliged to Mr. *Blandford*, Madam, but am afraid you have found that he has ſaid more in my Behalf, than you find true.

Mrs. *Buz.* Sir, I muſt confeſs I don't find that he hath deceived me in the leaſt.

Pitt. Madam, you make me very happy, indeed.

Mrs. *Buz.* I'm glad on't Sir, and ſhould be very glad if it were in my Power to make you always ſo.

Pitt. That it is in your Power, Madam, there is nothing ſo ſure.

Mrs. *Buz.* Then, Sir, you may depend upon it, I will do my utmoſt.

Pitt. But ſuppoſe, Madam, nothing would make me ſo but your own Perſon and Liberty.

Mrs. *Buz.* Sir, I ſhould have no Objection of reſigning them both, were I ſure they would make you happy.

Pitt. I would venture my Happineſs, nay my Life, Madam, on ſuch a Reſignation; if you would venture to give me your Hand on this fair Promiſe, I ſhall be compleatly happy.

Mrs. *Buz.* Then here it is with all my Heart; for to tell you the Truth, Sir, I have long been tired of the Appellation of old Maid, and moſt terribly afraid of dying one.

Pitt. (*Takes her Hand and kiſſes it with great Eagerneſs.*) And I do aſſure you, Madam, the muſty and fulſome Name of old Bachelor has been no leſs hateful to me, nor do I care how ſoon I get rid of it.

Mrs. *Buz.* Though I can't help thinking but I have made too brief a Capitulation; Forwardneſs in Women generally gives Diſguſt. But to be plain, you muſt know, Sir, I hate to be courted; the Hey-day of Youth is over in me; about ſixteen or ſeventeen Years, I us'd to take a Pleaſure in denying, on purpoſe to obtain a Number of new and uſeleſs Solicitations, 'till at laſt I teaz'd my Lovers out of Patience.

Pitt. Well I declare to you, Madam, I have been ſerved ſo twenty times, for I never payed my Addreſſes to a young Lady in my Life, but before I could ſettle my Affections, ſhe tired my Patience with a feign'd Coyneſs, giving me the greateſt Encouragement To-day, and To-morrow wou'd hardly look at me, 'till I had dangled from Morning to Night after her, and all the Excuſe ſhe had for it was,—I ſhould not think her too forward, but I ſoon let her ſee I couldbe as capricious as herſelf, and ſo broke her Acquaintaintance with a cool billet-doux, and farewell.

Mrs. *Buz.* I can't help thinking this Viſit was an arch Deſign of my Couſin *Ned*'s, and to get us acquainted with no other View, than what it has turn'd out; He's a ſtrange Creature! he has great good Nature, but it is great Pity he

has

has not a little more Economy in regard to his Pocket; money's like chaff to him, it flies with every wind that blows.

Pitt. O that's an unpardonable Sin, Madam, in my Opinion.

Mrs. *Buz.* And in mine too, Sir; though his great Fau't is, I believe, being too charitable; he pretends that when he ſees a Friend or a Neighbour in Diſtreſs, he can't ſleep 'till he has reliev'd 'em.

Pitt. Ah, that's an abominable Fault; for what is another's Poverty to me? let every one take Care of themſelves I ſay. Beſides, giving to the Poor is the moſt unprofitable Way of beſtowing Charity in the World; you are ſure of never having any Return.

Mrs. *Buz.* True, Sir, very true; I've been obliged to lend him Money, at different Times, to the Amount of two hundred Pounds, though it went very much againſt me to do it, had he not been a pretty near Relation, I wou'd not have done it on any Account. But he has certainly a deal of good Nature; and I know too that he'll pay when he has it, for I lent him a hundred and twenty Pounds before, and I muſt ſay he pay'd me very honeſtly again, with good Intereſt into the Bargain. But if I could get him to pay the good two hundred Pounds he owes me now, I ſhould hardly riſk any more with him, I think.

Pitt. I'm glad to find you are come to that Reſolution, Madam, I aſſure you—once or twice a Perſon may do a good natur'd Thing, but I'd have 'em beware of the third Time, leaſt they be flung at laſt.

Mrs. *Buz.* He has now given me a Note of two hundred Pounds on you, Sir; I'm amaz'd to think what he can have done for it.

Pitt. Why it was a particular Kind of Buſineſs to be ſure, Madam, the Purport of which I ſhall make bold to acquaint you with ſome other Opportunity.

Mrs. *Buz.* I have no very great Reliſh for Secrets, Sir.

Pitt. Then you are not a Native of this Country I am ſure, Madam; for the People here make it as great a Merit to diſcover the Secrets of their Neighbours, as the Aſtronomers do to diſcover new Spots in the Sun, and take as great a Pride in declaring 'em to the World.

Mrs. *Buz.* That's a very deſpicable Character. Pray what Time of the Day is it? I muſt begin to think of going.

I pro-

I promis'd to call on a Lady in my Way home, upon ſome very particular Buſineſs. I ſhould be glad now to know your Terms of Inoculation. Perhaps it is not convenient juſt now, Sir, to pay the Note I mentioned.

Pitt. Quite ſo, quite ſo, Madam, I have it at Hand, I am never ſo happy as when my Debts are pay'd..

Mrs. *Buz.* Nay, as for that Matter, if it had not been convenient, you need not have been under any Uneaſineſs on my Account, Sir; it will ſave me the Trouble of ſending to my Banker's To morrow, that's all.

Pitt. Here it is, Madam.

Mrs. *Buz.* And here is your Note, Sir, with a Receipt in full on the Back.

Pitt. Madam, I am very much oblig'd to you.

Mrs. *Buz.* O, Sir, it is I that am oblig'd. [*Puts it in her Pocket.*

Pitt. Now, Ma'am, now for Inoculation; when ſhall you be ready to prepare.

Mrs. *Buz.* Immediately, Sir.

Pitt. Very well, Madam; you ſhall have your Medicines To-morrow Morning.

Mrs. *Buz.* My Heart almoſt fails me already I declare.

Pitt. My dear Madam you need not be under the leaſt Apprehenſions of Danger. It is the mildeſt undertaking in the World. I have had ſome hundred thouſands under my Hands, but never had a Patient, while under the Operation, that had the leaſt Apprehenſions of Death, nor one that ever made the leaſt Complaint ſince they left me.

Mrs. *Buz.* Amazing!

Pitt. It is amazing, indeed, Madam; but you muſt imagine I have taken no ſmall Pains in the Studies of Phyſicks and Metaphyſicks, to have made a Diſcovery of this Nature.

Mrs. *Buz.* That is very apparent, Sir.

Pitt. I do aſſure you, Madam, it has been a Work of thirty Years Study. I have ſpared no Pains in conſulting the beſt Authors, and was at a vaſt Expence in travelling for Experience, to the moſt celebrated Capitals in *Europe*, and am happy to find at laſt that my Endeavours were not thrown away, but that my Diſcovery has proved of ſuch general Utility.

Mrs. *Buz.* What an excellent Knack the Doctor has at lying. (*Aſide.*) There is nothing more conducive to Happineſs, than the general Approbation of the Public, nor nothing ſo hard to obtain.

Pitt. Very well obſerv'd indeed, Madam, but I can very well ſay, with a favourite Aurhor of mine "Succeſſo filicitatibuſque." And in another Part, where he compares a great Genius to a Sky-rocket, "Skirockitum Skirocteribus.

Mrs. *Buz.* So, ſo, the Doctor is going to purge me with Dog-Latin. (*Aſide.*) Your Author's Excellence is thrown away upon me, Sir, I am quite a Stranger to Latin; French was always my favourite Language, I ever conſidered Latin as too maſculine a Study for the Ladies.

Pitt. Madam, there's ſuch a Melody in the Sounds!—but as you ſay, Madam, it may be too maſculine for the Ladies, too ſonorous.

Enter Peſtle.

Peſt. Sir, Mrs. *Bugg* bid me tell you ſhe was a-going, and deſire you wou'd let her have the Lotion with her.

Pitt. Tell her I'll wait on her directly. (*Exit Peſtle.*) You muſt know, Madam, the Lady is now and then troubled with a Pimple, and ſhe is terribly afraid of ſpoiling her Face; I promis'd her ſomething to prevent 'em, and I dare ſay ſhe would not go without it for the World.

Mrs. *Buz.* I am ſometimes troubled with 'em myſelf; though I am not afraid that they'll ſpoil my Beauty, I aſſure you, Sir, — but have you really a Medicine of that Kind.

Pitt. A moſt infallible one, Madam, which beautifies the Skin, amazingly, for which I have had the King's Patent long ſince.

Mrs. *Buz.* You muſt have a wonderful Knowledge in your Profeſſion, Sir, to have been able to make ſo many great and uſeful Diſcoveries.

Pitt. Tolerable, Madam, tolerable.

Mrs. *Buz.* And ſo you have obtain'd a Patent, Sir? I ſhould like vaſtly to ſee the Nature of a Thing of that Kind.

Pitt. Shou'd you, Madam?

Mrs. *Buz.* I ſhould, Sir, I muſt confeſs.

Pitt.

Pitt. With your Leave, Madam, I'll juſt go and ſend Mrs. *Bugg* off, and bring it with me.

Mrs. *Buz.* Sir I am aſham'd of giving you the Trouble.

Pitt. Not any Trouble, not the leaſt I aſſure you, Madam. [*Ex.* Pittem.

Mrs. Buzby, *ſolus.*

Mrs. *Buz.* What a ridiculous Lyar he is! he knows no more of Medicine, than a Rat-catcher; about four Years ago he was nothing but a Horſe-doctor, or a Cow-leech; I think I have nail'd the Fox though, but the ſooner I'm off the better I fancy. Here he comes again.

Enter Pittem.

Pitt. Here, Madam, is my Patent—Odds, ſo, hey! I am miſtaken, I fancy; Poh, Pox, what a Blockhead am I! I've brought the Leaſe of my Houſe, [*lays it on the Table.*] Excuſe me, Madam, and I'll fetch the Patent in a Minute. (*Exit* Doctor) *Mrs.* Buzby *takes up the Leaſe* (*as ſhe imagines*)

Mrs. *Buz.* Now, thank my Stars, I have ſecur'd my Prize ——But I wiſh I was fairly out of the Houſe—and yet my Heart is wounded at the Deed, and tells me I'm to blame. The Doctor has forgot his Leaſe (*takes up the Leaſe, as ſhe ſuppoſes, and opens it.*) Ah! what is here! by all my Hopes, Mr. *Danbury*'s Will! ——— O thou pernicious Fiend! —Yes, thou curs'd Villain, it is a Leaſe which thou ſhalt hold no more. What ſhall I do? I'll ſecure me this, however; and if he aſks me for it, I'll diſown it; I ſhall hate to trifle longer in this Diſguiſe. But here he comes.

Re-enter Pittem.

Pitt. I proteſt, Madam, I am quite aſham'd of myſelf, I have miſlaid my Patent by ſome Accident or other, and cannot find it; if it were not for the Fear of tiring your Patience, Madam, I would go and make farther Search.

Mrs. *Buz.* O by no Means, Sir, another Opportunity will do quite as well; ———beſides, Sir, I cannot poſſibly ſtay any longer, I ſhall be benighted, and I am one of the moſt fearful Creatures in Nature.

Pitt. May Health and Happineſs go with you, Madam, good Night, good Night. [*Exit Mrs.* Buzby.

Pittem *Solus.*

A charming Lady! an excellent Lady! upon my Word, I have won her (as the Player ſays) all the World to Nothing; what a lucky Dog I am! But ſhe has ſmit me, ſhe thas ſmit me to the very Heart, and I love her from Top to Toe; now for my Chariot! and then I ſhall have nothing to take Care of but my Health, and pray for a long Life; let me ſee who ſhall I employ to make it? hum—O my old Friend Mr. *Skeleton*, in *Long-acre*, he has got half a Score of Children, and I'll inſiſt upon his having them all Inoculated in Return; a good Thought, a good Thought, there is nothing like making one's Thought turn out to Account, I'll take care Nobody ſhall get too much by me; I am never under the Neceſſity of laying out Money, but I can always find out ſome Way to get Part of it return'd again.

Scene *the Street.* *Enter* Jerry *and* Peſtle.

Jerry. And ſo you have taken a Houſe then, hey?

Peſtle. Aye and a good Houſe too, I aſſure you.

Jerry. A good Houſe? how do you mean?

Peſtle. Why you muſt know I hired it of a Methodiſt Preacher of my Acquaintance, that has loſt his Flock, poor Soul, it was formerly a preaching Houſe, he was glad to part with it I believe, for you muſt know I have got the whole Houſe and Pulpit into the Bargain for Twenty Shillings a Year.

Jerry. How many rooms have you got in it tho'?

Peſtle. Why let me ſee, there is the Preaching Room, that's one; a Room over that, that's two; then three's the Waſh houſe, that's three; and one of the moſt ſnuggeſt Rooms over that, that's four; a Stable and Hay-loft, which makes as you may ſay ſix Rooms.

Jerry. And all for Twenty Shillings a *Year!*

Peſtle. What do you ſay it's *dear?*

Jerry.

Jerry. No, I think it is very cheap. But if the World ſhould expect you to write a *Treatiſe* by-and-by, what will you do then?

Peſtle. Why I can eaſily get Somebody to write it for me, when I have Money, and I ſhall get Laps full of that when I ſet up for myſelf.

Enter Pittem.

Pitt. Set up for yourſelf, ha, ſet up for yourſelf! what's the reaſon you can't keep within call? I muſt forever have you to ſeek when I want you; I do aſſure if you ſerve me ſo again, I'll ſend you about your Buſineſs. Pray get you in. [*Exit.* Peſtle.]
I ſhall be glad if you wou'd not keep my Man from his Buſineſs ſo often. [*to Jerry.*] It wou'd better become you to ſtay at Home methinks and mind your Maſter's Buſineſs Sirrah. [*Exit* Pittem.

Jerry. Why you are a ſcurvy Fellow for your Pains now, If you had ſtay'd a little longer with your Sauce, in my Opinion I ſhould have been provok'd to have given you both a hearty Trimming. Bleſſings on him, here comes my young Maſter, I long to hear what News.

Enter Blandford, *and* Knabbem *the Bum-Bailiff.*

Bland. O here's *Jerry*;—you Rogue you I've been in great want of you.

Jerry. I'm glad you have found me Maſter, I hope it is not too late to do you ſome Service —But I long to know how you have cook'd the Doctor [*Whiſpers Blandford*]

Bland. Stay you hereabout with *Knabbem* within call, and I'll make a Man of you yet *Jerry.* You ſhall know all preſently. [*Exeunt* Blandford *at one Door, and* Jerry *and* Knabbem *at another.*]

Scene *Pittem's* Parlour.

Pitt. Here, here, I got another Letter from that plaguy Girl. I wiſh with all my Heart, I could get her tranſported, and then I ſhould be eaſy.

Enter

Enter Peſtle.

Peſtle. Sir there's Mr. *Blandford* below, deſires to ſpeak with you.

Pitt. I wiſh the Devil had him, I thought he would be here again, I've a good Mind to deny myſelf to him, he can be of no Service to me now. I'll ſee him this once and affront him, that he may not trouble me any more [*Aſide*] tell him to walk up. [*Exit* Peſtle. What can have become of my Leaſe, it gives me a deal of uneaſineſs to think I have loſt it ſo ſtrangely.

Enter Blandford.

Bland. Doctor how do you, Egad I am deviliſh tired, but was determin'd to call and give you joy, I don't doubt but you have made a Conqueſt of the Lady.

Pitt. Why yes *Ned*, I think I have ſettled that Buſineſs.

Bland. I give you joy, Doctor I give you joy, and now I think I may venture to intreat you to do ſome little Service for poor Miſs *Hetty*.

Pitt. I tell you Mr. *Blandford* again and again, I will have nothing to do with the Huzzy, and I am ſorry to tell you that you are become very troubleſome yourſelf, for ſoliciting in her behalf.

Bland. Then I am ſorry that I am under the Neceſſity of telling you, that you are an ungrateful Scoundrel.

Pitt. You are a very impertinent Fellow Sir, and I deſire you wou'd leave myHouſe this Minute, and never dare to ſet foot in it again.

Bland. I will, but not before I have convinc'd you that you are the greateſt and moſt ungrateful Knave on Earth.

Pitt, I'll make you ſuffer for this Language, how dare you call me a Knave, Sir?

Bland. How dare I? I'll tell you how I dare; becauſe I have found you to be an arrant Knave and Villian,

Pitt. This is not to be borne. Here *Hierapicra, Peſtle*; [*Enter* Hierapicra *and* Peſtle] I deſire you wou'd take this Scoundrel by the Neck and Heels and turn him out of my Houſe?

Bland. What ho; *Knabbem, Jerry*, hollo'! [*Enter* Jerry *and* Knabbem.] ſecure this Villain, this notorious Thief. [*Locks the Doors,* Hierapicra *and* Peſtle *ſtand aſtoniſh'd.*]

Pitt.

Pitt. What do you intend to murder me! O Mrs. *Buzby*, Mrs *Buzby!*

Bland. I was Mrs. *Buzby*, that thou wouldſt have deceiv'd with a Thouſand ſcandalous Falſhoods.

Pitt. Thou Mrs. *Buzby*, what doſt take me for a Fool?

Bland. Yes, but a knaviſh one, let me have been Mrs. *Buzby*, or no, you made me a Preſent of 200*l.* this Afternoon, and here it is.

Pitt. O Thief! Thief! give me my Note, or I'll have thee hang'd.

Bland. Thou art the Thief; this thou gaveſt me, which I will beſtow to them thou oweſt it to, Miſs *Danbury*.

Pitt. Owe it her?

Bland. Yes owe it her.

Pitt. I ſay it is falſe; O I ſhall go mad.

Bland. I ſay it is true.

Pitt. Thou art a lying Knave; and I'll have thee hang'd for ſtealing my Note.

Bland. Thou art a moſt infamous Fiend and I'll have thee hang'd for robbing a Lady of her whole Fortune.

Pitt. What Lady, thou Murderer, thou Cutpurſe, what Lady?

Bland. Miſs. *Danbury*.

Pitt. She a Huzzy, ſhe a Fortune.

Bland. Yes thou Wretch, and here it is, here is the Leaſe thou left behind.

Pitt. My Leaſe, O thou Thief! haſt ſtole that too?

Bland. Look at it, do you know it?

Pitt. [*He ſtarts.*] O horrible, horrible! what have I done? what a curſt Miſtake was this! I thought the Flames had received that, and I have certainly burnt my Leaſe in its ſtead. [*aſide*] *he endeavours to ſnatch it out of* Blandford's *hands.*

Bland. Hold Caitif, thou haſt miſſed thy Aim, thou ſhalt never ſee it more [*he endeavours to make his Eſcape*] ſecure him [Knabbem *and* Jerry *hold him*]

Knabbem. Doctor you are my Priſoner. [*the Doctor ſhews great Confuſion and Horror*]

Pitt. At whoſe Suit, pray?

Knabbem. Mr. *Blandford's*, for five thouſand Pounds, and three Years Intereſt.

Pitt. Mr. *Blandford* has no Buſineſs with her Fortune, or the Will, he only wants to cheat her.

Bland.

Bland. Villain 'tis falſe, I have Buſineſs with 'em both, ſhe is my Wife, my dear and lawful Wife, and you ſhall find I will uſe my Authority in her Behalf.

Pitt. O dreadful, dreadful! O what a Turn is here! I ſhall die raving mad, my whole Frame is convuls'd already.

Bland. Now Doctor, you may ſee that Juſtice was better acquainted with you, than you was with her, and tho' you thought you could have flung her, you are deceiv'd, for ſhe is always at an honeſt Man's Heart, and a Knave's Elbow.

Pitt, O Mr. *Blandford,* I am convinc'd, I am convinc'd indeed, but pray on my Knees, I beg you will ſpare my Life.

Bland. And can you wiſh to live, beneath ſuch a Load of Ignominy? remember what Cruelty thou haſt been guilty of, to one of the deareſt of Women, and then beg to die; but if the Law will ſhew thee Mercy, I ſhall be ſatisfied; in ſuch a Caſe I wou'd have you to tranſport yourſelf to *South Carolina,* or ſome diſtant Land, that your Name may never be heard of more; you will ſtand a greater Chance of making your Fortune there, than my poor innocent Girl, whom thou wanted to force thither, by ſtarving her to it, whilſt thou wouldſt have baſely enjoy'd her Fortune here. O ſavage Barbarity! the very Thought on't fills me with Vengeance, can ſuch a Wretch as thou art, hope for Mercy, Juſtice would accuſe me of Ingratitude, and forſake me, were I not to puniſh thee. Take him away, let her be obey'd.

Pitt. O dear, dear Mr. *Blandford.*

Bland. Out hypocrite, once more I beg you to carry him away.

Jerry. Now *Peſtle,* you will make your Fortune, you have all the Buſineſs to yourſelf; come, come along, Doctor, I long to get rid of you. [*Exeunt* Pittem, Jerry, Knabbem, *and* Peſtle.

Knaves ſelf-ſecure, may for a Seaſon thrive,
And like the Fox their roguiſh Tricks ſurvive,
Till Juſtice hunts 'em from their latent Holds,
And to the World their Knavery unfolds;
In vain they ſeek for Peace, in vain they try,
To 'ſcape unſeen, her penetrating Eye.

THE END.

POEMS on ſeveral OCCASIONS.

An Epiſtle to D. G. Eſq;

MAY I not hope your Patience will endure
The plain-wrought Offering of a Muſe obſcure.
For once be pleas'd ſet Ceremony by,
Nor think me wanting in Sincerity
Becauſe I've ſent no ſtale Apology;
Say, ſhall it be leſs welcome 'cauſe it came
Signatur'd by one beneath th' Heed of Fame?
Reduc'd by Fortune to an humble State,
Deny'd by Genius ever to be great.

Alas! I'm loſt in thinking what to ſay,
'Till Thought kills Thought and drives my Muſe away:
At length I doze, and wander in my Dreams,
Hunting new Epithets, Sentiments and Themes;
Then pleas'd I wake, but find my Treaſures flown,
Before my eager Hand can ſet 'em down.

How hard to pleaſe myſelf—what ſhall I do
In ſuch a Caſe, how pleaſe the World and you!

My fancy breeds apace, no Mortal's more,
But then the Produce proves ſo very poor,
'Twill ſcarce deſerve Admittance at your Door,
My Days, thank Fate, are well employ'd; at Night
I ſpin a Rhime or two by Candle-light.

To aim at Fame is dangerous indeed;
Scores make Attempt but very few ſucceed.
Far be the Thought, the fatal Thought from me;
For ever let me boaſt Humility;
To pleaſe a few, and that ſame few my Friends,
Will be the Summit of my Hopes,—my Ends
Wou'd be fulfill'd, cou'd I with humble Stride
Tread the ſmooth Plain with *H*——*d* by my Side.

Let others try the lofty Hill to climb,
Soaring Scholaſtic 'bove the Reach of Rhime;
Clad in the Veſt of Sophs regardleſs ſtand,
The Praiſe or Cenſure of the Critic's Hand;
Thirſting for Pathos to confound the Senſe,
Like uſeleſs Gew-gaws ſhaming the Expence:
O be it mine to ſpeak in Nature's Strain!
At once to picture, and at once explain;—
No Pomp of Words cou'd e'er enrapture me,
Like pure-wrote Sounds, in plain Simplicity,
To trace out Nature's wild and endleſs Scene,
Her painted Vallies and her Woodlands green:
There can I ſeek for Themes when Fancy dies,
Walk thro' the Foreſt, and obſerve the Skies;
Nor ſeek in vain—each Day ſends ſomething new,
Some new-born Beauty riſes to my View.

Cou'd

Cou'd I but ſteal the Art of painting here
Theſe Scenes in Verſe, as they to me appear;
Had I the Power with that Art to pleaſe,
To paint 'em well, and paint 'em too with eaſe,
Cou'd I like you, at once enſnare the Mind,
Engage the Eye, and keep the Heart confin'd,
And do it too with ſuch engaging Grace,
With manly Strides the Paths of Nature trace,
The Muſes then ſhould claim each Mite of Time,
And every Thought I'd jingle into Rhime.
Vain Hopes alas—But hopes are apt to pleaſe,
And fancy'd Pleaſures ſometimes give us eaſe.
Credulity, a mild and ſimple Maid,
Too oft alas! by Promiſes betray'd,
Follows the Fantom Hope with Steps ſo faſt,
Till *Diſappointment*, kills her at the laſt.

Ne'er let me be ſo curs'd, as to depend
Upon a *Promiſe*, or to loſe a Friend,
Nor pin my Hopes too cloſely on the Sleeve
Of Old or Young; I've found 'em both deceive;
The ſilver'd Pole is apter e'er to ſin,
Than he who ne'er felt Razor on his Chin;
Old Age breeds *Craft*, and near his Elbow Chair
Sets Folly plac'd, his Favourite and Heir;
Peace to all ſuch, if ſuch can Peace enjoy
Whoſe ſhallow Promiſe tends but to deſtroy
Their Neighbour's Peace,—that Wretch I envy not
Who boaſts a Name by broken Friendſhip got;
For ever will I bar my homely Door,
Againſt the greateſt Knave ſo meanly poor.

Conſcience

Conſcience ſhall haunt the diſingenuous ſlave
And Time ſhall lead him blindfold to his Grave.

I boaſt no Art, thence can no Credit loſe:
I paint to ſhew my Meaning, not confuſe:
No Rogue to flatter, *nor no Friend abuſe.*
The meaneſt Figure, claims as great a Share
Of Skill to paint it well, as the moſt fair.
But thoſe the meaneſt of the mean I call
Who gain with all my Pains no Praiſe at all.

You that by Nature have an Heart deſign'd
To hear and heal the Suff'rings of Mankind,
May you ne'er truſt the Wretch whoſe Friendſhip tends
To no one's Good, but his own private Ends.

THE

BANKS of CHELMER.

THO' *Windſor* boaſts her Tyrants and her Kings,
Her ſhady Groves, her Foreſt and her Springs;
Her lofty Temples, and her coſtly Gems,
Her murm'ring *Loddon*, and her ſiſter *Thames*,
Admit my Muſe, to tread in humble lays,
And ſing, tho' lowly, in fair *Chelmer*'s praiſe.
What tho' thy Banks by Kings were never trod,
No ſtately Savage grac'd thee with a Nod;

Thou

Thou happ'ly 'ſcap'd the arbitrary Frown,
Nor felt the Curſe of being near a Crown.

Once on a Time there liv'd a rural Pair,
The gentle *Philo* and *Salina* fair,
The ſad *Leander* lov'd not more than he,
When, arm'd with Love, he dar'd the raging Sea;
No ſtory'd Fair cou'd ever boaſt a Mind
More pure; no Maid cou'd ſhew an Heart more kind
Than ſhe; her Treſſes play'd about her Waiſt
In flowing Curls; her Head, with Poſies grac'd,
Like the fair Lilly eſſenc'd ev'ry Gale,
While o'er the Lawn ſhe trip't, or thro' the Dale.

On *Chelmer*'s Banks the gentle Pair firſt trod,
Ere this fair Land felt vile Oppreſſion's Rod;
In golden Times, when Love o'er Intereſt ſtood,
And Stateſmen ſought their King and Country's Good;
He tended Flocks, while ſhe the Diſtaff play'd,
Upon the Brow, or near ſome friendly Shade.

Long had their Breaſt's felt *Cupid*'s gentle Flame,
And ſtiff'd Love with common Friendſhip's name;
Till burſting forth, the Blaze diſpell'd the Smoke
And *Philo* firſt to his *Salina* ſpoke:——
We've long my fair *Salina*, trod theſe Plains,
In Summer's Heat, and Winter's drenching Rains;
We often ſteal the Honey from the Bees,
And oft we pluck the Bloſſom from the Trees,
Their tempting Sweetneſs urge us to the Deed,
But yet we find 'em cloy us as we feed.
There grows one Flower, yet, that I revere,
Survives in Bloom throughout the killing Year;

That

Whoſe tempting Bluſh, and never-fading Smell,
By far all Bloſſoms of the Spring excell;
Whoſe damaſk Leaves diſtill a balmy Dew,
That breeds Deſire, and maintains it too;
I oft behold it as I tread the Mead,
And every Day my longing eyes I feed
With fond Deſire; till at laſt I pine,
Sigh to myſelf, and wiſh the Bloſſom mine.
Still muſt I pine, ſtill muſt I ſigh in vain,
'Tis you muſt eaſe my Hopes and cure my Pain;
Within your Reach it hangs, within your Breaſt,
To make me wretched, or to make me bleſt.

Nay ceaſe to grieve, the fair *Salina* cry'd,
Have you e'er aſk'd me ought that I deny'd?
Sure you have found me ſelfiſh and unkind
To think I bear about ſo poor a Mind:
Did you a Lambkin or an Heifer chuſe,
You never knew me ſuch a Boon refuſe.
Then bring me, *Philo*, where this Wonder grows,
Be it a Lilly, Hyacinth or Roſe;
Be it the faireſt Bud that ever ſprung,
The ſweeteſt Blue-bell ever Fairy rung,
Within my Reach, or in my Power to give,
If *Philo* aſk it, *Philo* ſhall receive.

Thanks lovely Maid,—but O! you'll change your Mind,
When you this fair, this blooming Beauty find.

Nay doubt me not, nor yet my Truth decry,
Let not my Word upon Suſpicion die;

Let

Let not your Thoughts be timid and unkind,
Till I've my promiſe and my Truth declin'd:
No tempting Sweet, no Roſe that ever ſprung,
Shall make me faulter in my Heart or Tongue;
Ne'er let me tread theſe fertile Banks again,
Nor walk with *Philo* o'er the verdant Plain,
When I forget the Promiſe I have made,
Baniſh *Salina* to ſome diſtant Shade.

Nay lovely Maid be ever, ever near,
Shou'd you, ſhou'd fair *Salina* diſappear,
Theſe lonely Plains, wou'd be more lonely ſtill,
And Burs and Thiſtles grow on every Hill;
To yonder Brook then let us bend our way,
And there behold the Prodigy of *May*;
And there behold my Heart, my Soul's Delight,
My wiſh by Day and all my Dreams by Night.

Methinks 'tis ſtrange that one poor ſimple Flower
Shou'd o'er an Heart like yours obtain ſuch Power;
The Bee, 'tis true, and Butterfly will rove,
And ſport around with animated Love,
When ev'ry Flower riſing to their Sight,
Invites the Heart and yields 'em new Delight;——
The Sun declines apace let's inſtant go,
And try if I'll not keep my Word or no.

Then ſtraight they tript together o'er the Plain,
And Bands of *Cupids* follow'd in a Train,
To bind two Hearts with Wreaths that never fade,
And prove the Promiſe of a tender Maid;

The

The Banks they reach, and next the cryſtal Brook,
In which young *Philo* bid *Salina* look.

The Banks are pleaſant, and the Stream is clear,
But yet I ſee Roſe or Lilly near,
Some cruel Swain has ſtole it e'er we came;
In ſuch a Caſe can I be ought to blame?

Say can you nothing in the Stream behold?
No perfect Beauty of celeſtial Mould?
See you not ſomething like yourſelf appear?
The Subſtance of that Shadow I revere; ——
Thou art the Subſtance, thou my boaſted Bloom,
'Tis thou muſt eaſe my Heart, or ſeal my Doom.

Ungen'rous Swain, how cou'd you thus enſnare
With ſtudy'd Arts, a poor unguarded Fair!
Am I the faireſt *Philo* ever ſaw,
Cou'd poor *Salina* ſuch Deſire draw?
Alas! I grieve to think what I have done,
Things end in Sorrow that are raſh begun;
Let me recall it, ſure I was aſleep;
Muſt I indeed my artleſs Promiſe keep?
Muſt I perforce then give myſelf away,
To be the Idol of a ſingle Day?
To be forgot if *Philo* ere ſhou'd ſee,
Some other Maid, ſtill fairer yet than me?
But O! remember ſhou'd you ever find
Some other Maid, more fair, more true, more kind,
Forget not then who once you deem'd a Prize,
Nor make your captive Fair a Sacrifice.

O never

O never! never! talk not ſo again,
Such fancy'd Ills will rive my Heart in twain.——
Here do I vow, and when I prove unkind,
Teem down ye Clouds, and unlooſe the Wind;
Let forked Lightning thro' my Cottage ſhoot,
And Thunder tear whole Foreſts by the Root;
Let every Lamb that in my Paſtures ſtray
By turgid Floods be caught and waſh'd away;
Let me be ſunk in Famine and Deſpair
Beneath the Horror of the warring air.

Nay, gentle Swain, my Heart wou'd bleed to ſee
Thee made the Spectacle of Miſery;
Shou'd thou prove kind, and keep thy Paſſion true,
I wou'd not wiſh a fairer Swain than you.

When I prove falſe,—but that can never be,
My Health, my Life, my ev'ry Hope's in thee;
If this fond Heart ſhou'd e'er a Traitor prove,
And violate the ſacred Laws of Love,
Let Shame be painted on my guilty Breaſt,
And Sorrow hunt me from the Bed of Reſt.
What ſhall I ſay;—for O I cannot feign
What I am not, were I the World to gain;
What ſhall I ſay, to make my fair believe,
Theſe Tears are real,

Ceaſe, O! ceaſe to grieve;
Here take my Hand, my Heart I wou'd reſign,
But that has fled this many a Day to thine;

My Breaſt, forlorn, oft led me to deſpair,
Save when methought I felt my *Philo*'s there.

O! let me claſp it to my panting Breaſt,
Heal my fond Heart, and give it endleſs Reſt.
Ye Woods and Vales, that heard the lovely Sound,
Tell it in Ecchos to the Plains around;
Let the ſweet Woodlark raiſe his Notes divine,
Telling each Swain that fair *Salina*'s mine.

THE
PROLOGUE
TO THE
Merry Midnight Miſtake.

WITH much Reluctance they have brought me here,
To try your Patience, and to cure my Fear;
But if, in trying, I ſhou'd chance to fail,
You ſoon ſhall ſee me (Frenchman-like) turn Tail.

Our Author's here behind in a ſuch a Taking,
Scratching his Head, ſhivering and ſhaking,
For fear his comic Bantling ſhou'd not pleaſe——
He here preſents you with his Prologue Fees;
A little Canting and a thouſand Smiles—
For complimenting more than Truth beguiles:

So

So he, poor man! ſince Canting is the Mode,
Muſt needs go plodding in the common Road;
Begs you'd permit his Brat walk unmoleſted,
Shou'd the poor Thing chance to be diveſted
Of *Congreve*'s Wit, or *Dryden*'s nice Connection:
For ſure the pooreſt Child claims ſome Protection.
And if, in walking, it ſhould chance to trip,
Or, falling, cut its little Noſe or Lip,
You'll pleaſe to ſave the poor declining thing,
By kindly catching hold the leading-ſtring.

Some proudly pleas'd in finding out a Fault,
But moſtly thoſe who can't digeſt a Thought;
Rude nature gave 'em Rancour to condemn,
But bury'd all their Candour in their Phlegm.
Or (like enough) ſome ſage good Dame may frown,
Diſpleas'd with every Notion but her own,
And in her Pride, from pious Motives, ſay,
"There's nothing good can come from out a Play;"
And kindly ſhewing 'tis not from her Spleen,
But judges wiſely what ſhe's never ſeen.
For many Author's have unjuſtly ble d;
Their plays being damn'd before a Line was read.

The Actors too your candour muſt implore,
If Actors thoſe who never play'd before;
Unſkill'd, unſtudied in theſe Stage Affairs———
They've other Buſineſs to engroſs their cares———
They only do it to oblige a Friend;
No other Motive, ſecret Pride, or End,
Save this—to force a gentle Smile from you—
We'll do our beſt—'tis all the Beſt can do.

THE

THE EPILOGUE TO THE *Merry Midnight Miſtake.*

I Tell you I will—Plague on't I'm ſo teaz'd—
The Author thinks his Firſtling has not pleas'd:
I ſay he's quite miſta'en; but all wont do;
He'll not be eaſy 'till he hears from you.
He wants poor me your Anger to amuſe,
By trumping up ſome frivolous Excuſe.
I fain wou'd lay it on the *Acting* now;
But that is Modeſty will not allow—
I'd lay it on the Prompter—if I knew how.
You plainly ſee I've no Excuſe at all,
The beſt way'll be to let the Curtain fall.—
Yet hold—I've ſomething yet to ſay—aye right;
We'll do it better, Sirs, another Night;
We'll be more perfect, act with better Spirit,
For Application is the Way to Merit.
Fear's the great Tyrant in a doubtful Breaſt,
From thence our firſt Attempts are ſeldom beſt,
Cou'd we have acted as we did intend,
Not one Soul here but would have been our Friend.

Thank

Thanks for that Smile—by *Jove* mehinks I hear
You kindly ſay—"We need not be in Fear,"
" Becauſe there's none but Friends and Neighbours here."
Thanks for this good Confeſſion, 'tis very kind,
I long to carry this good News behind.
They're all diſtreſs'd to know what I have done;
And I'm as much impatient to be gone.

THE PROLOGUE TO *Redowald*, a *Maſque*.

WERE it not, Sirs, impoſſible to find,
A Subject ſuiting ev'ry Readers Mind,
A Prologue or a Preface would be vain,
Becauſe we know that no one would complain;
And yet I've ſeen a well wrote Piece go down,
And pleaſe (tho' rare) the better half the Town;
An half bred Prig, to ſhew ſuperior Skill,
That ſcarce cou'd read, or knew the uſe of Quill,
Has ſally'd forth with Envy in each Eye,
And Spight of Fate, would Shame itſelf defy,

And

And Critic like, to do the Thing he ought,
Would find a Beauty in an errant Fault; —
That not enough, to prove himſelf a Fool,
Would murder Beauties by the ſelf ſame Rule.
Our infant Author hopes his Piece may fall
In better Hands, or elſe in none at all;
Juſt from the Lap of Genius bends his Way
To fam'd *Panaſſion* Fields, where Poets ſtray;
But finds it cull'd and ſhorn, a barren Field,
That's furniſh'd Ages, now will hardly yield
A ſingle Shrub, but what we've ſeen before
Be-clipt and turn'd, and twin'd into a Score.
Such as they are he brings to public View,
And if you find there's old ones with the New,
Pray tell me, Sir, that famous Poet's Name,
That living Bard that does not do the ſame.
If near his Neighbour's Produce he intrudes,
For Nature's ſelf has her Similitudes;
The ſelf-ſame Thought might ſtrike both you and me,
And I the leaſt ſtand charg'd of Piracy.
You've here in Hand a little moral Piece,
Nor Stole from *France*, nor *Italy*, nor *Greece*,
A Child of Fancy nurtur'd by the Mind,
If bad comes on't I know 'twas well deſign'd.

THE

THE EPILOGUE TO *Redowald*, a Maſque.

SHou'd ſome grave wit our Author's Piece decry,
And damn the Plot from meer Acerbity;
Let gentle Candour riſe and take his Part,
And own he's ſhewn more Genius than Art.
To write a Play you'll own is no ſmall Taſk,
Then what muſt be the Labour of a Maſque?
Fancy muſt aid the Bard where Nature fails,
And daring Genius muſter all her Sails;
Our nonag'd Poet unregarding *Time*,
Slipt from his Wing; and, touring forth ſublime,
Survey'd the Muſes with enraptur'd Eyes,
Ador'd their Tracks and mounted to the Skies.—
Shou'd it be ſaid Ambition was the Cauſe
That urg'd him firſt to write;—or vain Applauſe;
Ere you convict him of a Thirſt for Fame,
Turn to the Title, and find out his Name.

The Pretty Maid of *Chelmsford*.

A Pretty Maid both kind and fair
Dwells in *Chelmsford* Town,
Her pleaſing Smiles, her eaſy Air,
Engages Fop and Clown. Being

Being accoſted t'other Day
By a clumſy 'Squire,
Who aſk'd her if ſhe knew the Way
To quench a raging Fire.

Water, Sir, reply'd the Maid,
Will quench it in a Trice,
O no, ſaid he, you little Jade,
I've try'd that once or twice.

Then Sir, ſaid ſhe, 'tis paſt my Skill
To tell you what will do;
I'm ſure, ſaid he, you know what will;
There's nothing can but you.

Alas-a-day what do you mean,
Reply'd the pretty Fair;
I'd have you try it once again;
You never ſhou'd deſpair.

Deſpair I cannot, cry'd the 'Squire,
While you are in my Sight,
'Tis you muſt quench the burning Fire,
You ſet it firſt alight.

Then ſtrait he claſp'd her round the Waiſt,
And forc'd from her a Kiſs,
Ho! ho; ſaid ſhe, is that your Taſte;
Then pray you, Sir, take this.

And with a Pail, plac'd at the Door,
She ſluic'd the amorous 'Squire;
Your'e welcome, Sir, to this and more,
To quench your raging Fire.

THE COTTAGERS, AN OPERA, IN THREE ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Brainly, a Country Squire
Celon, a beautiful Shepherd
Hylas, Father to *Celon*
Simon, his Couſin
Truſty, Steward to *Brainly*
Firſt Reaper
Second Reaper
Third Reaper
Hermit
A little Boy, his Son
Traveller
Thieves

WOMEN.

Mrs. *Brainly*, Wife to 'Squire *Brainly*
Eddie, her Daughter.

Houſebreakers. *Attendants on the Sqnire.*

ACT I. SCENE I. *A Room in* Brainly's *Houſe.*

Enter Brainly, *Mrs.* Brainly *and* Truſty.

Brainly.

ALong with *Celon*, ſay you? I'm aſtoniſh'd! O ſhe's a forward young Huſſy! but I'll ſtop her Gadding;—Are you ſure of this? [*To* Truſty.

Truſty. Yes, truly, Sir, for ſhe has been out for this Month paſt, at four and five o'Clock in the Morning; I could not think where ſhe went to, till

the other Day when going o'er the green Paſtures; there I ſaw *Celon* and ſhe, billing and cooing together like two young Pidgeons.

Brain. Indeed? odds my Life, I remember now;—ah ſhe's a coaxing young Pug; that's where ſhe gets her Poſies from I ſuppoſe, which ſhe comes holding up to my Noſe in a Morning, with a how do you do? my dear Papa, [*Mimicks her*] O the Jade.

Tru. I thought it were beſt to tell your Worſhip, leaſt ſome Harm might come of it.

Mrs. *Brain.* A mighty induſtrious Soul indeed! thou had'ſt better have been minding thy own Buſineſs, I think, than to ſtrive like an ill-natur'd Fool to ſet my Child and her Father at Variance.

Brain. Hold your Tongue pray Madam, and let him ſpeak; he ſees her Follies, tho' you can't, and 'tis honeſt in him to tell me of them.

Mrs. *Brain.* Why ſure Mr. *Brainly* I may ſpeak in my Turn.

Brain. 'Tis not your Turn yet Madam.

Mrs. *Brain,* I'm ſorry my Dear, to ſee you ſo angry,—don't think that I approve of her Proceedings; no, far be it from me; but I can't help taking Notice how ready the Fellow is to tell you of her Faults; for he ſees they work upon you to Exceſs, and you are as eager to hear what gives you ſo much Pain; if he had generouſly told me of it before, I wou'd have put a Stop to it ere now, and you might have eſcap'd all this Uneaſineſs; for if our Children are to bear the Cenſure of our Servants, what Child will eſcape Slander? I don't doubt what he has ſaid to be true, but while he ſees it feeds your Anger, and he finds himſelf liſten'd to, he may turn Surmiſes into Facts, and ſhe may be ſtigmatiz'd where e'er ſhe goes, as being guilty of what ſhe never dreamt of.

Brain. Well, well, it does not ſignify holding this Harangue about her,—I'm determin'd to have her kept at Home, and then I'm ſure ſhe'll be ſafe, let the World then ſay what they pleaſe;—go fetch her hither *Truſty.*

[*Exit.* Truſty.

Mrs. *Brain.* Marry I doubt it much e'en then; and whether the Creature (that has taken ſo much Pains to tell you her Faults) would not be the firſt in the World that would

ſtrive

ſtrive to make her guilty of another; for I know he's very ſweet upon her when our Backs are turn'd.

Brain. Poh, Poh, what do you think the Fellow's a Fool?

Mrs. *Brain.* No, but I think he would make a Fool of you, and I and the whole Family, if he could.

Brain. Pſhaw, Pſhaw, I ſee you have ſome Antipathy to the poor Fellow, becauſe he's honeſt, and ſo want me to turn him about his Buſineſs; but here he comes, [*Enter* Truſty] well Sirrah, what's the Reaſon you did not bring *Eddie* along with you?

Tru. Why in good Truth I cannot find her.

Brain. Not find her! why what the Plague is the Wench ſet out already?

Tru. O yes Sir, ſhe's been up and gone theſe three Hours.

Brain. Has ſhe indeed? I fancy I ſhall fetch her home again in half that Time, if *Cupid* has not furniſh'd her with wings.—Come along with me *Truſty*.—My Dear you may expect us here again preſently. [*Exeunt* Brainly *and* Truſty.

Mrs. *Brain.* I wiſh you Succeſs with all my Heart,—poor fooliſh Girl! I pity her; 'tis natural — for the Heart will follow where the Eye is pleas'd. [*Exit Mrs.* Brainly.

SCENE II.

Celon *and* Eddie *ſeated in a Paſture.*

Edd. 'Tis the faireſt Morn I ever ſaw; I warrant they are all aſleep at home, but hardly dream that I am here with you.

Celon. O let 'em ſleep until the Sun ſets again, then I ſhall have my *Eddie* with me all the Day.

AIR I.

Cel. Thy Father and thy Mother ſleeps —
There Love has had his Fill;
And *Eddie* to her *Celon* creeps,
When all the Plains are ſtill;

The

The Sun and *Eddie* riſe at once,
And gild the Hills around;
The Lark awakens at her Steps,
And leaves the dewy Ground.

My Lambkins ſkip at her Approach,
And all their Dams look gay;
While Zephyr, in his airy Coach,
Upon the Treetops plays.

Edd. If my Father ſhou'd e'er ſuſpect my coming hither I'm affraid he'd never let me come again; wou'd you not pity me?

Cel. I ſhou'd pine myſelf to Death, and be like a wandering Lunatic in Deſpair: for when you are from me but an Hour, I think that every Flower looks drooping, and every Bird ſets mourning for your Return.

Edd. Be witneſs for me all ye Hills and Groves, how dear I prize my *Celon*'s Love, not all the wealth my Father boaſts ſhould rob me of that joy.

AIR II.

Edd. O grant us thus to meet each Morn,
Upon ſo fair a Plain,
Where Linnets whiſtle on each Thorn,
In Love's melodious Strain.

While *Celon* whiſpers Notes more ſweet
Than ever Linnet ſung,
And thus each Morn ſuch Bleſſings meet,
As fall from *Celon*'s Tongue.

Cel. Wou'd to-morrow were our wedding Day, I long to call thee mine, I've had ſad Dreams of late; but I hope they tend to nothing ill towards us.

Edd. Pray tell me what they were, and I'll be your Interpreter.

Cel. Not now my Love, they'll prey upon thy gentle Spirits, and daſh our promis'd joys. Let us go to yonder Valley now, and pick the ſweeteſt Flowers there, Blue bells and Violets, that I may weave a Crownet for my Queen.

Eddie.

Edd. E'en where you pleaſe, nor will I e'er complain ſo I go with you;—here, [*pulls out a Book*] I've brought thee another Book this Morning, 'tis the prettieſt I could find; and thou ſhalt read it to me.

Cel. You're ever kind — But I fear my Love you'll get ſome Anger from your Father, if he ſhould chance to miſs it — What is it you have brought me now?

Edd. The *Nut-brown Maid.* [*gives him the Book*] My Father ne'er will miſs it, he minds nothing but his Horſes and his Dogs; ſo pray thee ſet down and read it to me.

Cel. Nay, but you muſt excuſe me now; I can read when you are gone; now it will be killing too much precious Time.

AIR III.

Cel. Whilſt thou art here I ceaſe to read,
Throw by my Pipe, forget my Reed,
Nothing on Earth ſuch Pleaſures bring,
As when I hear my *Eddie* ſing;

But when thou'rt gone, I'll learn from this,
When I no more can toy and kiſs,
How other Shepherds bore their Pain,
Untill they met their Loves again.

Edd. Very well, *Celon.*

Cel. Nay be not angry, I own I'm much oblig'd to you for theſe Indulgencies; and but from the Inſtruction of thoſe Volumes you have brought me, I ſhould have been a poor Companion for my *Eddie*; they have, in ſome Meaſure, taught me how to pleaſe; to know my humble Situation; bleſt when you are with me, and more ſerenely to bear the Pain when you are gone.

Edd. Liſten! liſten! methought I heard the voice of ſome one near; and now I ſee 'em too. O, 'tis *Truſty* and my Father.

Cel. They have beheld us, and 'twill be in vain to fly. Alas! what ſhall we do! — how cou'd this happen?

Brainly within.) I ſee you, you Jade. I'll ſtop your Strolling, I will Huſſy: [*Enters*] And as for thee, thou Sheep-biting Dog, I'll have thee ſent into another Country, [*takes* Eddie *from him.*]

Cel.

Cel. I matter not where you ſend me, or where I go, ſince you have taken her away [*looking tenderly on* Eddie.

Brain. The Boy's certainly in Love; I'Gad it grieves me to ſee them look ſo pitiful at each other; I cou'd find in my Heart to leave 'em together again.

Tru. Aye truly 'tis pity, Sir, but conſider the Conſequence, it will be the Talk of the whole Country, that 'Squire *Brainly*'s Daughter is courted by a Shepherd.

Brain. Ods-bud and ſo it will; come, Huſſy, come; —thou may'ſt ſtay behind and whine a little, [*to Celon.*

Edd. Dear Father permit me to take a parting Kiſs.

Brain. A parting Kiſs! what before my Face! why they've bewitch'd one another I believe! No, no, no, no more kiſſing here? come along; and if you can't live without kiſſing, there's your great Doll at home, you may kiſs and hug that all Day if you pleaſe, come away I ſay.

Edd. O can you forget yourſelf, or did you never love; ſurely, if you did, you would not practice ſo hard a Tryal for ſo ſmall a Crime.

AIR IV.

Edd. Adieu my Love, ye Flocks adieu,
Farewell ye happy Plains,
More bleſt than I, by far are you,
While *Celon* here remains.

Farewell ye little Warblers all,
Ye Larks that upward riſe,
No more ſhall I attend your call,
Or meet my *Celon*'s Eyes.

Brain. Come along I ſay, or I'll break thy Neck.

Cel. O do not hurt her, for indeed ſhe's done no Harm.

Brain. If thou haſt done her none, I ſhall be ſatisfied, and I'll take Care thou ſhalt do her none hereafter.

[*Exeunt all but* Celon.

Cel. This is the ſoreſt Wound I ever felt; would ſhe had been born as poorly as myſelf, or that I had been a 'Squire's Son.

AIR

AIR IV.

Cel. Unequal Fortune, equal Fate,
Was ever Lot like mine?
Thus high and low in ev'ry State,
Beneath ſome Grief repine.

The rich are curſt with Fears and Pride,
The poor Man with Deſpair;
The Lover's Patience oft is try'd
By ſome unfeeling Fair.

But mine's the worſt of Woes indeed;
The Maid that I adore,
Is by a Father's Hand decreed,
Never to ſee me more. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Brainly's *Houſe.* *Enter* Brainly, Truſty, *and* Eddie.

Brain. Here Mrs. *Brainly* we've brought your Daughter home, and I deſire you'll make it your Buſineſs to keep her there ſo long as ſhe lives,—what piping again, what the Devil ails thee now?

Edd. Have I not Cauſe to weep, to hear myſelf doom'd a Priſoner for Life, and by my Father too?

Brain. You'd better be a Pris'ner here Huſſy, with a good Houſe over your Head, and Victuals in your Belly, than ſtrolling the Mountains, and ſtarving under a Hedge, along with that Booby you'd got along with this Morning.

Mrs. *Brain.* What cou'd induce thee, Child, to make ſo ſtrange a Choice?

Edd. His gentle Nature, beſides he loves me dearly as himſelf.

Brain. No doubt but he loves himſelf well enough; but what do'ſt think he loves thee for, hey, Fool?

Edd. For loving him, which I will do for ever.

Brain.

Brain. So, ſo, ſo, ſo, there's for you now! take her out of my Sight, or I ſhall certainly do her a Miſchief; — O you wanton young Jade; go take her up Stairs, and lock her in her Bed-chamber directly. [*Ex. Mrs.* Brainly *and* Eddie.

Brainly ſings.

AIR VI.

Was ever father living,
So diſtreſs'd as I,
Theſe Women are deceiving
As the very Sky;
They firſt look clear,
And promiſe fair,
Then riſes up a Cloud
That covers all the Atmoſphere,
And Thunders burſt aloud.
[*Exeunt* Brainly, *and* Truſty.

SCENE V.

Celon *by the Side of a Wood.*

Cel. I'll reſt me here a little; nothing that I ſee or hear will give me Comfort now. [*comes forward.*

AIR VII.

Cel. Full eighteen Years I liv'd in Bliſs
Upon yon verdant Plain,
From many a Maid I ſtole a Kiſs,
But never felt a Pain;

'Till *Eddy*'s Face I firſt beheld
I knew nor Grief nor Care;
My Eyes againſt my Heart rebell'd,
If e'er I ſhed a Tear.

Enter

Enter Hylas *and* Simon *in Converſation.*

Hyl. I tell thee the Girl has made her Eſcape from the Help of a Tree, that hung againſt her Window, for ſomebody has told her that *Celon* was fled into another Country, and I am ſorely afraid I ſhall find it too true.

Cel. True thou'lt find it indeed, if *Eddie* is gone, I'll ſearch ev'ry Country round but I will find her.

[*Aſide & Exit.*

Sim. Marry Luck forbid, Couſin, for I lov'd him as if he had been a Child of my own, and did intend to leave him all I have when I die.

Hyl. Ha, thou art very kind; for though I ſay it, he had as much to ſay for himſelf as the Parſon o' the Pariſh; if I could but ſet eyes on him again, I ſhould be eaſy; I han't ſeen him ſince four o'Clock in the Morning, and if I don't find him before night, I ſhall break my Heart.

Sim. I'fecks I think I ſee him yonder, running acroſs the meadow.

Hyl. Where, where.

Sim. Yonder loo'thee 't'other Side that large Tree.

Hyl. Odds Heart and ſo it is; 'pray thee Couſin, for thou canſt run faſter than me, go thou before and I'll after and halloo luſtily behind. [*Exeunt.*

Enter three Reapers.

1ſt. *Reap.* Come along, come along, and be hang'd to you, what a yawning you make, indeed, why now becauſe you've got your Bellies full, I ſuppoſe you have not a Heart to go to work again.

2d. *Reap.* 'Swound what a Din thou makeſt indeed, thy Bawling beats my Yawning I'm ſure; one would think thou hadſt not had thy Belly-full this Month paſt; I'fecks I'm afraid thou art one of thoſe I heard our old Dame talking of t'other Day, more Noiſe than Work.

3d. *Reap.* No, no, I ſuppoſe he only wants to get his Work done before he begins, that he may go a ſweethearting; for as ſoon as he gets home he begins to make ſuch a waſhing and a combing of himſelf, with his Ribbands at his Knees, and his Buckles at his Sho'en, that he

ne'er gives himſelf Time to eat or drink, but out he goes to roſey fac'd *Sue*, down by the Mill.

2 *Reap.* Aye, Aye, I ſuppoſe he gets his Belly-full there. I believe in my Heart Folks are bewitch'd, now-a-days, there's the Dickens to pay, about *Celon* and the Squire's Daughter; this Love's as bad as a Plague I think, it's catching.

1 *Reap.* Take Care it does not catch thee then; 't'as many a Time catch'd a wiſer Man.

2 *Reap.* I'fecks if it does I know how to cure myſelf.

1 *Reap.* I don't doubt but thou haſt a good Opinion of thyſelf.

2 *Reap.* Marry if one don't like me, I'll ſeek out for another.

1 *Reap.* And love ne'er a one above an Hour.

AIR VIII.

A fooliſh Lover like a Child,
That with a Toy doth play,
Who's gawdy Sides his Heart beguil'd,
And pleas'd him for a Day.

But if by Chance his wand'ring Eyes,
Another ſhou'd ſurvey,
The laſt is thought a golden Prize,
The firſt is thrown away.

3 *Reap.* Heigh, ho! this Love is a ſtrange Thing I think.

2 *Reap.* No, no, there's nothing ſo common. I heard our Parſon ſay the World was grown fooliſh, and this is a ſure Sign he ſometimes ſpeaks the Truth.

3 *Reap.* Why ſo I think indeed, *Celon* muſt be a Fool now to think of marrying the 'Squire's Daughter, I warrant the 'Squire wou'd ſee him hang'd firſt.

2 *Reap.* And muſt not ſhe be a Fool to think of marrying *Celon*; why this makes good the Text; the World's grown fooliſh and they're two of the greateſt; I think in my Heart they're even worſe than this Fool here.

1 *Reap.*

1 *Reap.* Fool! who doſt thou call Fool? if it were not now for loſing ſo much Time, I'd ſhew thee who was the greateſt Fool.

3 *Reap.* 'Swounds what a Paſſion he's in, I've heard ſay theſe Lovers grow mad ſometimes, if you ſhou'd teaze him too much, perhaps he'll grow mad too, and then I ſuppoſe he'll be for biting.

2 *Reap.* Aye, aye, let him alone, let him alone, he may kiſs and court all the Guts out of his Belly for what I care.

3 *Reap.* Come let's to work again, or we ſhall have the Sun down ere we begin.

2 *Reap.* Troth and ſo it will, and it won't get up at thy bidding again, but that ſhan't give me any uneaſineſs:

AIR IX.

My Heart is my own
And a Stranger to Care,
Content is my Throne,
I ſit without Fear.

At Night I retire
With Health and with Eaſe;
The Laſſes admire,
And ſtudy to pleaſe.

But if I don t find
They'll pleaſe in their Part
'T may fire the Mind,
But ſhan't touch the Heart.

1 *Reap.* That was my Mind once, but I cou'd not help changing it.

3 *Reap.* That's a ſure ſign you kind of Creatures never know your own Minds.

2 *Reap.* Why that's true enough; *Celon* us'd to ſwear and proteſt he'd never marry, and now you ſee how well he keeps his Word.

3 *Reap.* And he may'nt be the happier for all he's ſo great with the 'Squire's Daughter; for they ſay there's nothing but ſnarling and biting among the Gentry Folkes.

AIR

AIR X.

The Poor with Content
Are richer by far,
Than a King in his Tent
Or a Lord at the Bar.

No fear of being worſe
E'er troubles his Breaſt
Tho' empty his Purſe
At Night he can Reſt.

No Armies o'erthrown,
No cauſes ill try'd,
Shall e'er make me groan
Or turn for a Bribe.

2 *Reap.* Hold, hold, who are theſe coming acroſs the Barly Field.

1 *Reap.* Odds life I'll be hang'd, if it be'ont, our Maſter and his Couſin.

2 *Reap.* Let us ſneak off then as faſt as we can.

1 *Reap.* No, no, they ſee us now, and we'd better ſtay and know the worſt on't.

3 *Reap.* The Dickens take your ſweet-hearting I ſay, I ſuppoſe there'll be the Duce to pay.

2 *Reap.* What a Pack of Fools we look like now.

Enter Hylas *and* Simon.

Hyl. What in the Name of old Nick do ye all here, has any of you ſeen *Celon* lately?

3 *Reap.* No not we Maſter, we han'not ſeen him this two Days.

Hyl. Why go ſeek him then, and he that finds him firſt ſhall have a hollyday for a Week.

2 *Reap.* Shall he Maſter, I'fecks then I give a good Look out, and bring him home an I can.

Hyl.

Hyl. Away with you then. [*Exeunt* Reapers.] Come Couſin, thee and I'll go and get us a Horſe a piece, and we'll ſet out too; wayſt-heart I've run myſelf almoſt out of Breath already, and I don't know how ſoon I may want a little. [*Exeunt* Hylas *and* Simon.

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Hermit's Cave.

A Hermit, *and* Crito *a little Boy his Son appears.*

Crito.

YOu've often told me, I ſhou'd ſee the Place where I was born, and where my Mother died: believe me Sir, I ſhould like it much; I think I've ſeen it an hundred Times in Dreams already, and if indeed it be ſo pleaſing in Reality as in Dreams, I'm ſure it muſt far excel this ſad dwelling.

Herm. I'm afraid indeed thou'll think it ſo, therefore it is, I fear to let thee go.

Crit. Why fear? do you think I wou'd not come again.

Herm. I hope ſo, but there's a thouſand little Play-fellows wou'd rival me, and thou wou'dſt want to ſtay thee there.

Crit. Indeed they ſhou'd not, I'd rather ſtay here all my Days than you ſhou'd be in Fear.

Herm. Thou'rt my Cherub again for that; and e'er a Month I'll let thee go. [Eddie *croſſes the Cave.*]

Crit. O well-a-day, do but turn about, and ſee what's paſſing 'croſs the Cave.

Herm.

Herm. A Woman, or a Fairy, I'll ſpeak to her however.

Crit. Believe me Sir, but ſhe ſeems in Sorrow.

Herm. Peace with thee fair one, if thou wilt deign to tell, whither doſt thou ſojourn?

Edd. Alas! I cannot; firſt tell me Stranger, who e'er thou art (for thou beareſt the Face of Friendſhip) didſt thou not ſee a lovely Shepherd, ſad as myſelf, paſs this Way.

Herm. In truth fair Maid no human Form ſave this of thine has paſs'd this Cave theſe many Years.

Edd. Alas! I'm ſore diſtreſs'd.

Herm. If thou dar'ſt truſt me with thy Story, I'll promiſe thee all the Aid that I can give.

Edd. I thank thee; nor do I think that I ſhou'd fear to truſt thee, for thou bear'ſt as kind a Face as e'er I ſaw, ſave his I look for; for O he is the gentleſt Swain that ever ſmil'd on Maid, I firſt beheld him tending on his Father's Sheep upon a Mountain's Brow; he humbly bow'd and with a gentle Look he ſtole my willing Heart, and I as willing gave my Hand; he knelt and kiſs'd it; and, with more than Shepherd's Grace, told me how much he lov'd; I believ'd him becauſe he wept, then ſigh'd and took my Leave; but ev'ry Morning e'er the Sun beams kiſs'd the dimpl'd Brook, I ſtole to him again, ſo happy we like two fair Veſſels on a calm Sea borne long ſail'd together; till my Father's angry Hand like a rude tempeſtuous Wave daſh'd us both aſunder.

Herm. Alas I pity you, what was your Lover's Name?

Edd. Celon. [Crito *weeps.*]

Herm. What is it Child that makes thee weep?

Crit. The Story that ſhe told you.

Herm. I love thee for thy Mother's Spirit, juſt ſo wou'd ſhe o'erflow when e'er ſhe heard of ſuff'ring Virtue.

Edd. I love him too for his friendly Tears, come and let me kiſs thee; my Heart is full of Gratitude, but I've no means of Recompence, ſave Tear for Tear, Alas! I muſt yet go on, for while I live, I will purſue my Love, if ever I return, I'll make you ſome Amends.

Crit. Pray don't go, my Father will be very kind.

Herm. Let me intreat you to ſtay a little, this little Boy is my only Child, the only Comfort I have on Earth, he ſhall

ſhall attend you; there is a Mountain, by whoſe lofty Head o'er looks the country round for many a Mile, thither ſhall he go, and with his young diſcerning Eyes try if he can't ſee which way your *Celon* wanders; I prithee *Crito* go this Inſtant and if thou ſhou'dſt any one chance to ſee, wind thou thy Horn and becken them to ſtay, [*Exit* Crito] mean while I wou'd adviſe that you retire into yond Harbour and reſt yourſelf, till I go and ſeek for ſomething that may comfort you.

Edd. Indeed you are too kind, I have not deſerv'd theſe Indulgencies from you, but ſince you have promis'd me to be my Friend, I do not know a Time that I ever ſtood ſo much in need of one.

Herm. Be chearful, and doubt not, but ere long we ſhall hear ſome tidings of your *Celon*. [*Exit* Hermit.

Edd. Then you will be a Friend indeed.

AIR XI.

Sings. Ye nodding Foreſts verdant Plains,
Ye limpid Brooks that murmur by,
In your Retreats there yet remains
A Friend to ſad Calamity. [*Exit* Eddie.

SCENE II.

A Heath. *Enter* Brainly *and* Truſty, *&c.*

Brain. We're certainly on the right Road my Lads; but hold, who have we here, a fellow Traveller? perhaps he may give us ſome Intelligence; I'll enquire however.

Enter Paſſenger.

Save thee Friend, whither be'ſt going

Paſſen. To the firſt Cottage I can find; for I have had a long Day's Journey of it, and have not ſeen a Dwelling where I cou'd get me any Refreſhment.

Brain.

Brain. Nor didſt not meet with any body on the Road?

Paſſen. Yes wayſtheart a lovely Youth almoſt in Deſpair.

Brain. And didſt thou not ſpeak with him then?

Paſſen. Yes, that I did, and wiſh I cou'd have been his Friend.

Brain. Why? what was his Complaint then?

Paſſen. Alas-a-day, he told me he had loſt the ſweeteſt Maid on Earth, and came this Way in Search of her.

Brain, Did he ſo? 'Slife that muſt be *Celon,* here I'll give thee this Purſe, if thou'lt tell me where he's gone,

Paſſen. Alas, I cannot tell thee, for when I could give him no Intelligence of his Love, he left me; I ſtood awhile and watch'd him, and when he got to yonder Oak that dipps his Brim into the Brook, he ſat down and drank of the cold ſtream, then roſe again and made his Way to the top of yonder Hill; and turning round ſeem'd to ſearch with his Eyes all the Vales below. Anon (as if he had ſome one ſeen) he hurry'd off again; but deſcending on the other Side I loſt Sight of him.

Brain. We'll after him directly; as for thee my Friend thou wilt find a Cottage hard by, take this and get thee ſome Refreſhment.

Paſſen. Good Luck attend thee for thy Kindneſs.

[*Exit* Paſſenger.

Brain. Come along Lads we're upon the right Scent, and if we ſhou'd ſtart this Puſs we'll run her down and take her home alive. [*Exeunt* Omnes

SCENE III.

The Hermit's Cave.

Enter Hermit *and* Eddie. [Crito *is ſeen by 'em.*]

Herm. Lo! here comes *Crito,* I hope he brings ſome News.

Edd. I doubt there's none of *Celon.*

Herm. Doubt not, [*Enter Crito*] welcome my Darling; well what haſt ſeen.

Crito.

Crit. A Man, who is making towards the Cave; I ſaw him ſtraying near the mighty Cliff; and then, as you deſir'd, did wind my Horn; I wav'd my Hand, he anſwer'd thus, and then ſet off with Speed this Way.

Her. Now what think you Fair-one?

Edd. It certainly is my *Celon*, and yet I think it moſt impoſſible, but if it ſhould ſome other prove, I fain would not be ſeen.

Herm. Therefore leaſt it ſhould, I would adviſe that you retire again into the Cave, 'till I have made ſome ſure Proof it is your *Celon*.

Edd, I will,——but pray if it ſhould prove my Love indeed, let it not be a Moment ere you call me forth again.

Herm. You may be aſſur'd of that; haſte, haſte, methinks I hear his Foot-ſteps near already.

Edd. I'm gone—Alas I tremble ſo my Legs will ſcarcely bear me. [*Ex.* Eddie.

Crit. See Father, he's entering the Cave.

Herm. He bears the Form that ſhe deſcribes. [*Enter* Celon] Welcome Youth, moſt welcome, I invite thee for my Gueſt; thou ſeem'ſt aweary; I ſhall be glad to be thy Comforter.

Cel. I thank you—weary I am indeed, in Search of what I fear I ne'er ſhall ſee again.

Herm. Never deſpair, nothing is ever loſt beyond our Hopes but Reputation. Is it for the Living that you ſeek?

Cel. Living ſhe was laſt Night, and well.

Herm. It is a Woman then; what is the fair-one's Name?

Cel. Eddie. Fair as the criſtal Stream. [*Hermit whiſpers* Crito.

Herm. You'd know her then, no Doubt, were you to ſee her?

Cel. Why do you aſk me that? Is it poſſible I could not know the Thing I ſaw but Yeſterday?

Herm. Say, do you know that Fair-one? [Crito *and* Eddie *appear.*

Cel. Know her! O ye miraculous Powers, 'tis my *Eddie!* [*He runs and embraces her.*

Edd. Celon! O I ſcarcely can believe that I'm awake.

Herm. I bear Witneſs you're not in a Dream, and am glad that I have partly been the Means of all this Happineſs.

Cel. O may you be bleſt with every Thing that's good, What ſhall we do to make you amends?

Herm. I am amply ſatisfied in ſeeing you ſo happy.

Edd. He ſhall be our Father and we will ſtay here all our Days, and *Crito* too ſhall be my Brother.

Herm. Say, *Crito*, wouldſt thou not like to have a Siſter?

Crito Yes, and I ſhould like to have a Brother too:

Herm. 'Tis well reply'd; but now it grieves me that I've no Diſh, but homely Fare, that you might eat with me.

Cel. We are in no Need; this is Feaſt enough for me, I have no Room for any Thing but Love.

AIR XII.

Sings. The Heart when thirſty with Deſire
No Draught can quench the burning Fire,
Until the Spark that caus'd the Flame,
'Preſented to the Eye again;
But when it comes again to View,
The Soul with Tranſport will renew
It's native Eaſe, and fill the Breaſt
As mine is now, with *Eddie* Bleſt.

Edd. I feel no Pain, nor Hunger, but my Sighs have made me thirſty.

Herm. Go, *Crito*, to the Spring, and haſte back again, [*Ex.* Ctito] Pardon my offering you ſo cool a Cordial, it is the beſt this World affords me.

Edd. It will be receiv'd as kindly as the moſt coſtly one; and on Condition I might ſtay me here with *Celon*, I could content me with it all my Days.

AIR XIII.

Eddie I will ſtay here all my Life,
When I am my *Celon*'s Wife;

We'll

We'll taſte each Spring,
And dance and ſing,
Acroſs the Hills ſo green;
Thou ſhalt be my Lord and King,
And I will be thy Queen.

Ceon. At Night when all the World's aſleep,
I'll go fetch thee all my Sheep;
I'll watch the Dams,
Thou feed the Lambs,
And ſo we'll ſpend each Day;
Our Father here ſhall join our Hands,
And thou ſhalt cry obey.

Edd. I'm glad they've drove us hither now, for here we can love in their Deſpite, nor fear their parting us again.

Herm. I fear the Trial will prove worſe than the Idea; the hard Means of Life you will be oblig'd to ſubmit to here, will, I fear, daſh your future Hopes; but believe me you are welcome as the Morning.

Cel. We are aſſur'd of that, and free from Danger, they'll hardly find us here — therefore we'll riſque whatever elſe may happen.

AIR XIV.

Cel. Since Luck has brought us here together,
I fear nor Cold nor ſtormy Weather,
With this lov'd Mate,
I fear no Fate,
That may hereafter threat my State.
The Hand To-Day that brought us here,
May ſend us Comfort all the Year

Enter Crito.

Crit. Returning home from the Well I ſaw four Travellers coming on this Way; and, ſeeing me, they ey'd me to the Cave.

Herm.

Herm. More Miracles? 'tis very ſtrange, I now begin to fear ſome ſad Event.

Cel. Some Travellers I ſuppoſe that have loſt their Way and follow'd *Crito* for Intelligence.

Herm. Some *Ignis Fatuus* ſure has drawn the World this way.

Edd. Let us retire.

Cel. Be not afraid my Love, we've no Enemies here.

Brain. [*within.*] Here they are my Lads, here they are; make Haſte or they'll give us the Slip again. [Eddie *faints*] hey day, who have we here! [*Enter* Brainly *and the reſt following him.*]

Tru. The Devil and one of his Imps, I believe, only they've hid their cloven Feet.

Brain. Odds heart my Child is dying, help ſome of you help, to hold her up.—O thou damn'd Dog, I wiſh thou hadſt been hang'd a Twelvemonth ago, thou'ſt kill'd my Child, thou haſt thou Dog, [*puſhes* Celon *away.*] my Dear, my *Eddie*, [Eddie *coming to Life*] poor Creature! how ſhe pants! ſoftly, ſoftly, ſhe's coming to herſelf again [*fanning her with his Hat*] how is it with thee? thy Father is not angry with thee Child, come, come, don't be frighten'd, thou ſhan't be hurt.

Edd. (*weeping*) My Father! O well-a-day—where is my *Celon*, you wont kill him I hope.

Brain. Kill him? no not I! tho' I don't care how ſoon he were hang'd.

Edd. Alas, alas, you ſaid you was not angry, and now you've forgot your Saying,

Brain. No, not with you Child, I came to fetch you home; but we'll leave him to find his Way himſelf.

Edd. Nay pray let him go with me too.

Brain. No,no, not I indeed, I'm not ſo fond of his Company.

Edd. Nor wont you let me ſee him when at home?

Brain. Not if I can help it, we'll have no more viſiting of Witches and Wizards here; nay he may be the Devil for ought I know.

Edd. Did not you ſay juſt now you wou'd be kind?

Brain. So I think, I am for taking you away and carrying you to a good home again.

Edd,

Edd. If that is Kindneſs, I'd rather you wou'd be unkind, and let me ſtay here all my Life.

Brain. So I ſuppoſe; no, no, I did not come all this Way for nothing, ſo come along, ſince you don't know when you're doing wrong, I ſhall make bold to tell you when you don't do right.

Edd, Farewell my deareſt *Celon,* farewell, I ſhall ———

Brain. Come, come, no whining, a ſhort Parting's always beſt, ſo help me ſome of you to force her away.

[*Exeunt* Brainly, *&c. with* Eddie.

Cel. Farewell moſt lovely Maid, my Heart ſhall follow thee where'er thou goeſt,—O moſt unnatural Father!

AIR XV.

Sings, O *Cupid* God of Love
Take now a wretched Pair
Beneath thy friendly Care,
Uſe all thy Art, while now apart,
To keep us from Deſpair.

Protect that lovely Maid
So injur'd and oppreſs'd,
In Love ſo much diſtreſs'd,
She is ſo meek, her Heart will break,
Except by thee redreſs'd.

Herm. Alas I pity you from my Heart, and wiſh I cou'd adminiſter ſome Comfort to your Sorrow, let us retire into the Cave and compoſe yourſelf a while.

Cel. No I will follow her, whatever fate befall me.

Herm. Whither wilt thou go? Night will o'ertake thee e'er thou canſt reach thy Father's Dwelling.

Cel. Aye and ſo it will if I ſtay here; I thank thee for thy Care, but I can no where reſt if *Eddie* be not near, I thank thee for all thy Friendſhip, think me not ungrateful, thus to leave thee, but when the Heart is from the Body torn, the Spirit ſoon muſt die; therefore I muſt follow, a kind Farewell to both, my Heart is now ſo full of Grief, that I can nothing ſay; but once more Farewell.

[*Exit* Celon.

Herm.

Herm. Farewell kind Youth, and may'ſt thou never meet ſo hard a Trial more; O wretched World, I have felt thee ſharp as the keen Air, and now methinks, I ſee myſelf in this ſad Youth, a goodly Heart overwhelm'd in Grief; come, *Crito*, we'll in and reſt, thou ſee'ſt what it is to mix with Man; how hard they deal with one another.

[*Exeunt* Crito *and* Hermit.

THE END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Moonlight Scene. Celon *under* Eddie's *Window.*

Celon.

HERE reſts my *Eddie*, wou'd ſhe knew that I were here, it wou'd not be long e'er I beheld her.

AIR XVI.

Sings. Thou Silver Moon, O lend thy Aid
And light me to my charming Maid,
Send forth ſome Power from above,
And help me once more to my Love.

O turn her cruel Father's Heart,
Let Mercy touch the hardeſt Part;
Let Pity ſtop his fiery Rage,
And think on *Eddie's* tender Age.

Enter

Enter Three Robbers, at the Squire's Door, trying to break into the Houſe.

Cel. Alas, I am betray'd, and yet they're Strangers all to me; I fear ſome ill Intent, they're breaking open the Door; I muſt interpoſe leaſt my *Eddie* ſhou'd be in Danger. [*They enter the Houſe*] hold you there, what mean you, by entering the Houſe in this Manner, and at this Time o' the Night?

1 *Houſe Br.* Knock him down! Knock him down! ſilence him or we ſhall miſcarry.

2 *Houſebr.* You proceed, — I'll manage him I warrant me. [*Two of them enter the Houſe, the other ſtays behind and attacks* Celon; Celon *diſarms him, and afterwards knocks him down with his own Weapon, then purſues the other two into the Houſe: mean while the other crawls off the Stage, and makes his Eſcape,—there's a great Buſtle within*]

Brain. [*within*] Bring 'em along Lads, bring 'em along.

Enter Brainly *in his Shirt, Mrs.* Brainly, *and a Number of Servants, in great Confuſion, with the Rogues, and* Celon *as a Confederate.*

Brain. We've ſecur'd the Villains, hold up the Lanthorn and let us ſee who we have got; 'Sdeath and Heart, why this is *Celon*! Run Wife directly and ſee to the Girl, ſhe may have been in the Plot, and made her Eſcape for what I know. [*Exit Mrs.* Brainly.] Ho, ho, young Gentleman have we caught you; what, becauſe I wou'd not let thee ruin my Daughter, thou and thy pretty Comrades came to cut my Throat; but I'll ſtop your Courſe I aſſure you now;—what break into my Houſe at Midnight! O you Villain, you damn'd Dog; this is your Love too the Devil take all love Affairs I ſay.

Cel. You ſay ſo now, Sir, becauſe you're paſt 'em.

Brain. And ſo ſhalt thou be ſoon; if I don't have thee hang'd, I'll give any body leave to hang me;—go one of you and get a Halter and tye 'em all three together, lock 'em in the Barn or the Stable till by and by, and I'll ſettle Accounts with 'em all. (*Exit* Servant

Cel. As I hope for Mercy——

Brain. Mercy! O yes, a deal of Mercy, thou ſhalt be hang'd, and that will prevent thy doing any more Miſchief. Come bring 'em away.

[*Exeunt* Brainly and the reſt.

SCENE II.

Enter Mrs. Brainly *and* Eddie.

Edd. To Priſon, did you ſay Mamma?

Mrs. *Brain.* They're all confin'd in the Barn or Stable together, and that's much the ſame, your Father's determin'd to have 'em all hang'd

Edd And *Celon* too? (*ſhe weeps*)

Mrs. *Brain.* Why does not he deſerve it Child?

Edd. I hope not, I am ſure he ne'er mean't Harm.

AIR XVII

Why thus ye Powers do ye ſtrive
To heap Diſtreſs on me alone,
While Mercy in your Breaſts ſurvive
Let all my Grief his Ills atone.

Let not your Vengeance fall ſevere
Upon two Lovers ſo diſtreſs'd,
O now releaſe my *Celon* dear,
And pluck the Sting from *Eddie*'s Breaſt.

Mrs. *Brain.* Here comes thy Father and *Hylas*, there'll be a ſtrange too-do I ſuppoſe!

Edd. I fear ſo too.

Enter Brainly, Hylas, *and* Truſty.

Brain, So Miſs *Thrifty* thou'rt up I ſee;—'tis a wonder thou'ſt not been out a Wooing e'er now; but I ſuppoſe thou waits for thy Deary's coming to thee this Morning; and therefore I'll ſend the Gentleman an Invitation myſelf.—*Truſty*, go take ſomebody along with thee and fetch thoſe Hang-dogs to me (*Exit* Truſty

Hyl. I hope your Worſhip will have Mercy on my poor Boy!

Brain. Yes if he deſerves it, not elſe I aſſure you.

Hyl. Ah, but conſider.

Brain.

Brain. I do conſider, and pity thee with all my Heart; I wou'd not have ſuch a Son for the World; and I think the ſooner you get rid of him the better.—He muſt be dealt with according to Law; and that, I fancy, will hang him.

Hyl. O Law! that ever I ſhou'd have any thing to do with thee? O my poor Boy who ever thought thou wert born to be hang'd!

Edd. Hang'd! my *Celon* hang'd!

Brain. Hang'd, aye and thee too, for aught I know, for being his Confederate.

Edd. O ſpare his precious Life!

AIR. XVIII.

If not my *Celon*, pity me;
Behold me at your Feet,
While thus upon my bended Knee,
Make not my Woes compleat.

Will you throw that Roſe away,
That once you thought ſo ſweet;
And let it wither and decay,
Like Daſies under Feet.

Brain. Get out of my Sight.

Mrs. *Brain.* How can you plead ſo Child, for one that came to take away your Father's Life?

Hyl. Her Father's Life!—no, not he poor Soul.

Brain. Oh here he comes,—now let him plead for himſelf, [*Enter* Truſty, Celon *and* Houſe-breakers] a pretty ſet of Fellows truly.

Hyl. Wayſt-heart how he looks; O my poor Boy [*runs to* Celon] what has bewitch'd thee to bring theſe Troubles on thy poor Father's Head?

Edd, Celon!

Brain. Get away Miſs Fitchet; keep Silence till I examine 'em one by one.—You Fellow in the black Coat, do you hear; Hem, hem.—I admit thee King's Evidence,—ſtand forth, and ſpeak like a Man, ſay what were your Intentions for breaking into my Houſe ſo abruptly; but

mind you ſpeak the Truth, the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth.

1ſt *Thief.* I will and pleaſe your Worſhip.

Brain. Well mind you do.—Proceed.

1ſt *Thief.* Our Intentions were, and pleaſe your Worſhip, to have plunder'd the Houſe, forc'd away your Daughter and to have murder'd all thoſe that interpos'd.

Brain. There's pretty Fellows for you, there's pretty Fellows.—Now Neighbour *Hylas* what do you think of your innocent Son? theſe are all his Contrivances.

Hyl. Good lack, good lack-a-day, I know not what to think, I'm almoſt beſide myſelf.

Cel. If your Worſhip will pleaſe——

Brain. Hold your Tongue, Sirrah, till it comes to your Turn, if you interrupt me again, I'll ſend you back without any further Examination. Well but again;—ſay who was the Contriver of this dreadful Plot.

1ſt *Thief.* No one here, and pleaſe your Worſhip.

Brain. No one here?—take care, if I find thee deviate from the Truth, I'll have thee hang'd up directly—who was it then, and where is he?

1ſt *Thief.* He can tell you beſt [*pointing to* Celon] we left him and the other ſcuffling at the Door together when we two enter'd the Houſe.

Brain. Who do you mean, *Celon?*

Thief. I don't know his Name; I know I felt the weight of his Fury;—'twas he that gave me this Cut o' the Head.

Brain. Odds Heart how is this!'was not he in the Plot?

1ſt *Thief.* No and pleaſe your Worſhip (if I muſt ſpeak the Truth) had it not been for him we ſhould have carry'd our Point.

Hyl. Huzza! huzza! what think you of my Son now? what think you of my Son now?

Brain. I don't know what to think, this is a Point wou'd puzzle a Lord Chief Juſtice;—ſtay, ſtay, I've ſomething yet to ſtart, what Buſineſs in the Name of old Nick, cou'd he have there at that Time o' the Night?

Cel. Waiting in hopes to ſee *Eddie* again.

Brain. Was that all?

Cel. Yes as I hope for Mercy;—I had ſcarce been there a Moment, ere theſe Ruffians came, accompany'd with another; who (while theſe two enter'd the Houſe) they left

to

to encounter me; but I proving Conqueror, left him on the Ground; and in purſuing theſe was taken Priſoner as an Accomplice.

Brain. Is all this really true, you Sir? (*to the* 1ſt *Thief.*)

1ſt *Thief.* Yes in good Faith, every Word.

Brain. Why then he deſerves her, were ſhe a Princeſs; here take her Boy, and a thouſand Bleſſings go with you both.

Cel. Ten thouſand Bleſſings, and Thanks in Return.

Hyl. Let me give my Bleſſing too,—may you be as happy, as the King and the Queen,—odds Heart I ſhall jump out of my old Skin again. (*gives a caper.*)

Brain. Take this Fellow to Priſon, the other I ſet at Liberty.

2d *Thief.* I have aDemand on yourWorſhip before I go; —will your Worſhip ſtand to your own Words.

Brain. Thou ſaucy Raſcal, doſt thou think a Man of Character, a Juſtice of the Corum dare break his Word? If thou ever find me breaking my Word, I'll give thee Leave to ſend me to Priſon in thy ſtead.

2d *Thief.* Then you muſt either hang *Celon*, or give me Leave to hang your Worſhip.

Brain. What does the Raſcal mean?

2d *Thief.* Your Worſhip promis'd when we were firſt taken, that if you did not hang him, you'd give any body Leave to hang you; now, if your Worſhip will forgive me my Sins, I'll pardon you.

Brain. 'Sheart I believe he has me, and for thy Remembrance I'll forgive thee, ſo get thee gone about thy Buſineſs. (*Ex.* Thieves.) I plainly ſee if a man was to be accountable for all he ſays in a Paſſion he might be hang'd preſently. Come this has been a ſtrange Day; but now we'll have nothing but Dancing and Feaſting for a Week.

Hyl. Odds bud Lad thou'rt made for ever.—Madam *Brainly* I muſt have a Buſs and wiſh you Joy of a Son. (*kiſſes her.*)

Mrs. *Brain.* I'm overjoy'd too, to find that we are all deceiv'd.

Cel. And I'm overjoy'd after all my Fears to find that I am not deceiv'd, for I've got in Reality all I ever wiſh'd for.

AIR

AIR XIX.

Like Sailors ſurrounded at Sea,
For ever 'tween Hope and Deſpair;
But when they the Harbour once ſee,
Away flies their Troubles and Care.

And ſoon as they ſtep on the Shore,
The Comforts ſtill greater appear;
They reliſh the Bleſſing the more
By thinking they once were in Fear.

Brain. Ah you young Rogue, you've chang'd your Tune—friend *Hylas* give me thy Hand, I'll make thy Son a 'Squire.

Hyl. A 'Squire! hear'ſt thou that Lad? wounds and Wherrykins thou'lt be as great as a Lord by-and-by.

Cel. I'm as great already in my Opinion, at leaſt I'm as happy I'm ſure.

Edd. And I'm much happier.

Brain. Heaven bleſs you both, you've fought hard for one another; we'll have a merry Wedding on't.

AIR XX.

I ne'er was ſo pleas'd in my Life,
At making of Huſband and Wife,
Tho' I've been at full Threeſcore,
I ne'er ſaw a Pair,
That promis'd ſo fair,
In all my good Days before.

Hyl. Here comes Couſin *Cymon*; here Couſin, here Couſin, here's *Celon* as great as the Lord Mayor of *London*.

Cy. I heard of it all as I came, and ſo came hobbling hither to ſee the young Couple, and give 'em my Bleſſing too—may you live to be as old as *Mathuſalem*, I ſay.

Cel. Thank you, Uncle; though e'er that Time I fancy we ſhall be as weary of the World as you ſometimes appear to be.

Hyl.

Hyl. We're to have ſuch doings! ah the young Dog how he ſniggers;—'Sdeath I munnot call him Dog neither, that's a little too free now he's a 'Squire, didſt hear that Couſin!

AIR XXI.

We'll ring the Bell,
And make a Fire;
While the Tune tells
My Boy's a 'Squire.

Cel This is more than you dream't I believe Couſin.
Cym. I'm glad that I'm awake to ſee it.
Cel So am I, for I feel it in Reality.

AIR XXII.

He. Since Fate has ended all our Woe,
And brought my *Eddie* to my Arms;
All the Ills that teaz'd us ſo
Vaniſh now before her charms

She. Our former Suff'rings are repaid.
By this mutual Joy at laſt,
Nor ſhall our future Joys e'er fade,
By thinking on the Ills that's paſt.

Both. But thus in Tranſport ſpend each Day
Until our Griefs are drove away.

THE END.

THE FIRST of MAY.

MY Tale I take from Times of old,
When Truth was more eſteem'd than Gold;
When Pride walk'd threadbare and deſpis'd,
When Folks were better exercis'd
Than now-a-days, when Broils and Strife
Defiles the Narra' of each Life.

A Country Villa, near a Green,
Inhabitants but twice Sixteen;
An honeſt 'Squire held the Hall,
Surrounded by a Turfen Wall,
The Friend and Landlord of 'em all.
A Neighbourhood ſo well inclin'd,
So ſimple, honeſt, and ſo kind,
Each try'd his Neighbour to excell,
In Friendſhip and in doing well.

As ſoon as Morning Dawn appear'd,
Or early Chanticleer was heard,
E'er the fond Herds began to feed,
Or Faires fled the riſing Mead.
The thrifty Villagers aroſe,
And from the Bed of ſweet Repoſe
They met the Labours of the Day
And chearful, ſung the Time away;
At Eventide, when Work was done;
They all return'd at ſetting Sun,
And met upon the Plain—with Glee
They pip'd and danc'd upon the Lee;
There in a lowly ſimple State
They felt the joys that fly the Great,
No Load of Conſcience gall'd their Breaſt,
Content and Labour gave 'em reſt.

'Twas now the roſy Morn of *May*,
When *Flora* in her beſt Array
Bedeck'd each little riſing Hill
With Cowſlips ſweet, or Daffodil;
A May-pole tall with Garlands hung,
And rows of Birds Eggs neatly ſtrung,
Was plac'd upon a verdant Green,
A Tribute to the Morning's Queen.

Each Ruſtic ſummons forth his Fair
And round the Pole they all repair.
The 'Squire 'mongſt the reſt aroſe,
As 'twas his Cuſtom to diſpoſe

Of

Of various Gifts, upon that Day,
And gave good Ale and Cakes away.

Twelve Garlands one ſmall Hillock grac'd,
In ſimple Order each was plac'd.
The honeſt 'Squire now propos'd
That each by Choice ſhou'd be diſpos'd;
Said ev'ry Swain had equal Right
To any Garland now in Sight
And all beneath, if ought ſhou'd be,
To claim his Right and Property.
For each ſome little Prize contain'd,
So that the Loſer ſomething gain'd,
Tho' ſome were greater than the reſt,
Each Swain now ſtrove to chooſe the beſt.

Young *Ralph* a fair and comely Swain,
The very Hero of the Plain,
Beheld fair *Alecy* on her Way;
No ſtar ſo bright, no Nymph ſo gay;
Her ſmall and eaſy Waiſt was bound
With Wreaths moſt ſweet; her Head was crown'd
With ev'ry Flower of the Field,
That *Flora*'s ſelf to her might yield.
She on her Head, a Garland bore
Its equal ne'er was ſeen before.

Young *Ralph* ſet off full Speed to meet
This lovely Maid, this Nymph compleat,

And ſtruck the reſt with great Surprize,
To ſee him claim her for his Prize,
He firſt bereav'd her of her Crown,
And claim'd the Maiden all his own.

Now ev'ry Youngſter on the Plain
Look'd with Envy on the Swain,
But all in Juſtice did declare
He won the Maid;—the Trick was fair.

The 'Squire pauz'd, and ſhook his Head,
His hearty ſmile of Humour fled
To ſee his Child another's Claim,
And now he 'gan himſelf to blame.
The Swain beheld the good Man's Eyes,
With Tears he offer'd back his Prize.

The 'Squire charm'd at ſuch a Deed
Cry'd you deſerve her now indeed!
It glads me much, young Swain to find,
Thou bear'ſt ſo great, ſo good a Mind;
Here take her Lad,—I murmur not
If ſhe's contented with her Lot,

She ſmil'd Conſent, and chear'd the drooping Swain,
She gave her Hand, her Meaning to explain.
The 'Squire ſaw, and bleſs'd the blooming Pair,
And three loud Vollies broke the peaceful Air.

CHRISTMAS EVE

IN THE

COUNTRY.

THE Mountain tops were tipt with driven Snow,
And Silver white were all the Vales below,
When, ceaſing thro' the frozen Field to roam,
Each Country Bumpkin ambles to his Home;
Enjoys what oft his betters do admire
In Winter Time,—a comfortable Fire,
There with his Spouſe and roſy Brats regale
In ſimple Mirth all round a Mug of Ale.
And now when ſome ſage venerable Squire
Does from the Noiſe of this great Town retire,
To end his Days, forgetting King and Court,
And turns once more unto his youthful Sport;
But feels the Want of Strength, the Want of Sight,
And feels the Winter more ſeverely bite,
Than when his Blood, ſome forty Years ago
Wou'd reek with Ardour in *December*'s Snow;
Climb the ſteep Hill, the flowing Riv'let fly,
And join with Speed the chearful Huntſman's Cry
Till the deep Vally eccho'd to the Sky.
Leſs Exerciſe poor Man will now content,
Infirmity will teach him to repent;

And make Attonement for a Life of Sin,—
At threeſcore Years 'tis Time ſure to begin.
The Night approach'd, each Friend receives his Gueſt,
To drink an Health, or crack ſome merry Jeſt
To eat and drink in hearty free Good will,
And all the Troubles of the Day to kill.
Tho' Ven'ſon fumes ne'er taint their homely Board,
The feaſt on what they better can afford;
A good Sir Loin, a Pudding full of Plumbs,
Smoaking and hot upon the Table comes.
No Prince on Earth cou'd here refuſe to eat
So nice the Pudding and ſo ſweet the Meat.

Once on a Time the Fire Side was grac'd
With ſix true pair of Lovers round it plac'd,
When biting Froſt, and Snow beſpread the Green,
The Lads here ſerv'd their Laſſes for a Skreen,
By holding them as we do often ſee
The Lads in Town—their Laſſes on their Knee;
Now each in Turn wou'd Sing a merry Song,
And ſome wou'd tell a Story very long,
While all attentive wou'd with Wonder hear,
And ſhew'd with Eyes of Love an Heart of Fear;
One who refuſed in his Turn to ſing,
Told a ſad Story of a murder'd King.

Another cry'd, he heard his Granny ſay
As ſhe was paſſing thro' a lonely way,
The Night was dark and Glow-worms did appear,
When ev'ry Tree then added to her Fear.
And paſſing by a lonely Church Yard Wall
The Grave Stones mov'd, the Steeple ſhook and all.

Another now began a woeful Tale
The very Thought of which oft turn'd him pale. ——
Once, ſaid he, a Lady fair and tall
Did walk a Nights u pon our Garden Wall;
She ſometimes like a Sow and Pigs appear'd
And ſometimes like a Jew, with a long Beard,
And ſometimes like a greyhound, ſleek and trim,
Sometimes like a Lion very Grim.
And once my Father ſaid he ſaw it ſtand
With a bleeding Heart graſp't within its Hand
And once he heard it like a Raven croak,
And thrice, they ſay, it to our Parſon ſpoke.

At this ſad Tale, not one in all the Houſe,
But even fear'd the moving of a Mouſe.
O lack a-Day, cry'd one fair trembling Maid,
I fear to move, I am ſo much afraid.
Another, liſt'ning, thought ſhe heard a Voice,
Another cry'd, I'm ſure I heard a Noiſe.
Huſh was the Word, while each with liſt'ning Fear,
Did, as it were, all ſtatue-ſtruck appear.
Nor Eye, nor Finger now was ſeen to move,
But each pale Maid cling'd faſt about her Love;
And all, the more from Fear, than from Deſire,
Mov'd by Degrees almoſt into the Fire.
A dreadful Clatter all at once was heard,
And in a Trice the Fire Side was clear'd;
Out at the Door they helter-ſkelter ran,
Nor 'till the Morning did there one return;
The Parſon and the Clerk at Noon were brought,
With Faces full of Fear and Heads of Thought;

Gravely

Gravely they enter'd, with a ſolemn Look,
The Parſon held his Breech, the Clerk his Book,
And ſtep by ſtep with Caution ſtar'd around,
Thinking moſt ſure 'twas all inchanted Ground.
But firſt they both into the Oven peept,
Thinking, perhaps, it might in there have crept.
But turning to the Cup-board, there did lie,
A nice Plumb-pudding, and a Chriſtmas Pie,
That Puſs had in her thieving Tricks thrown down,
And ſtruck with Wonder all the ſimple Town.
The Parſon, with a knaviſh Leer and Grin,
Stroak'd with great Sanctity his double Chin.
Cry'd 'twas a Shame ſuch Pudding ſhould be loſt,
And in an Inſtant down his Throat he toſt
A Piece that wou'd almoſt have choak'd a Hog,
And gave old Sly the Clerk a friendly Jog.
Who likewiſe cry'd, indeed it was a Shame,
And by the Prieſt's Example did the ſame.
Then both turn'd home with Safety and Content,
And left the Loſers only to repent;
Telling 'em of the worſt to make the moſt,
To reſt content, by giving up the Ghoſt.

4 AP 54

FINIS.